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Sturgis Biker Rally

A Chick Reporter's Wild Ride

The PATRIOT Act vs. America

XXX's Hottest
Black Stars

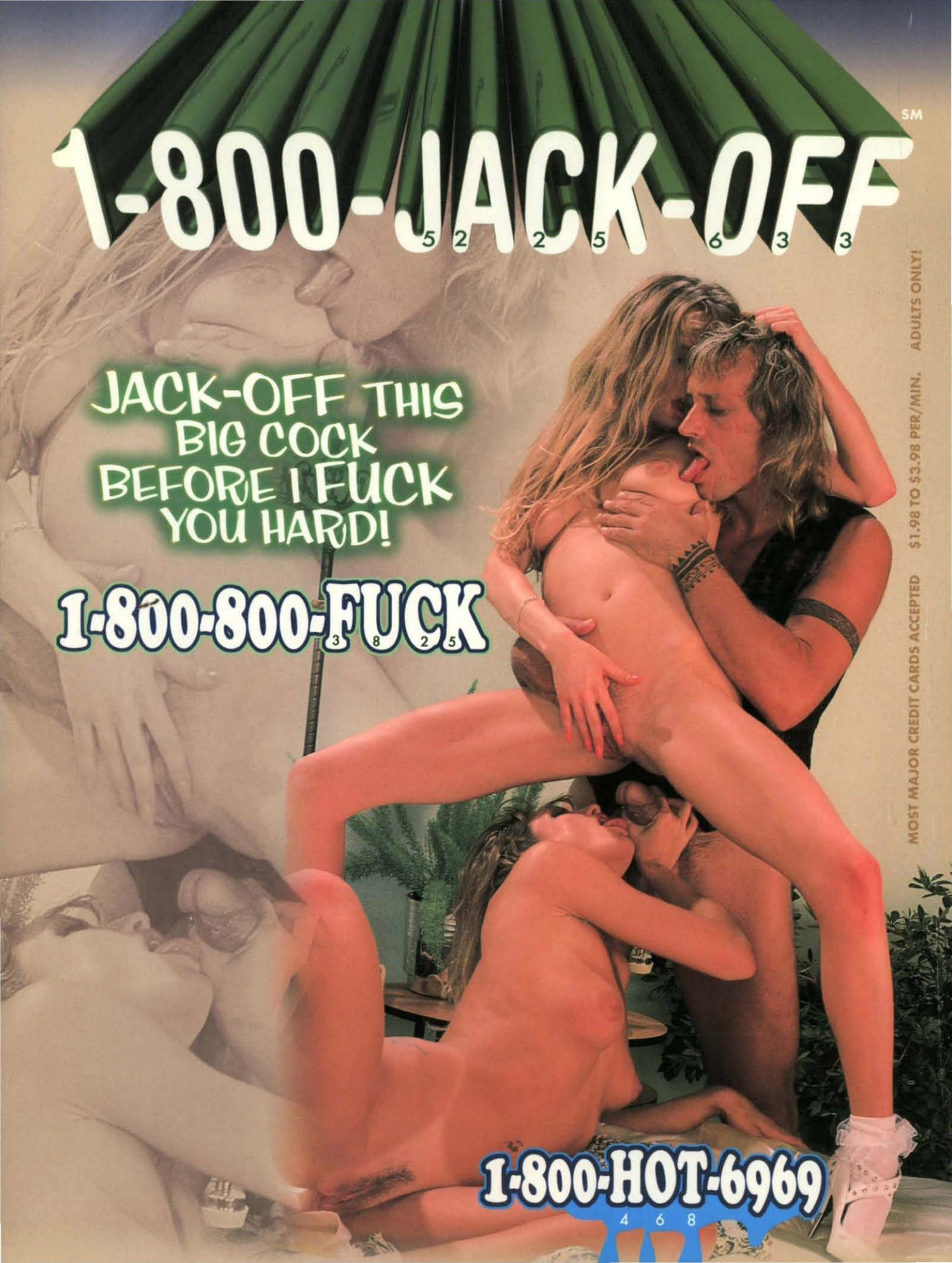
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Costume Designer PETER PROBE Production Designer ROGER RECTUM Editor ARNIE ANAL Original Score by HAROLD HOMO
Producer CONAN COLON Written and Directed by BONER and PECKER FARRELLY **PG** [RATED PG FOR PUMPING GUYS]

Disclaimer: Parody. Not to be taken seriously. No such movie exists, but Greg Kinnear does seem a little light in the loafers. Disclaimer: We are not saying Greg Kinnear is gay. We have no idea if he is; we're just saying we haven't seen him date a girl. Maybe he doesn't like women. Disclaimer: We're not saying Greg Kinnear hates women. For all we know, he loves to have sex with women. Disclaimer: We're not saying Greg Kinnear sleeps around with women, we highly doubt that he does. Disclaimer: Please see second disclaimer.

Pure satisfaction.



GIRLS SPREAD



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48 SYLVIE

22 CRYSTAL KLEIN



76 DESTINY ST. CLAIRE



38 NICOLE AND CYTHEREA

YOUNG GIRLS YOUNG GIRLS YOUNG GIRLS
AMATEURS AMATEURS AMATEURS
ASIAN GIRLS ASIAN GIRLS ASIAN GIRLS
STARS STARS STARS
BLACK GIRLS BLACK GIRLS BLACK GIRLS
LATINAS LATINAS LATINAS
HOT GIRLS HOT GIRLS HOT GIRLS

10 WAYS TO GET

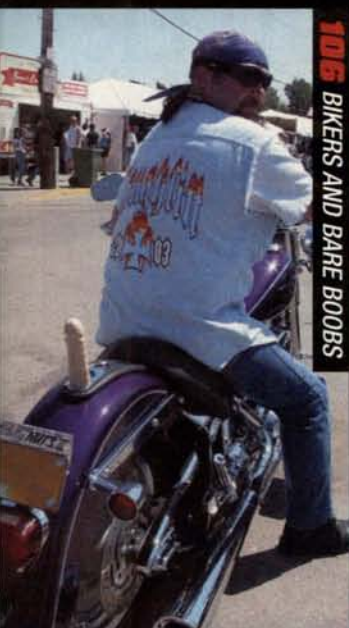
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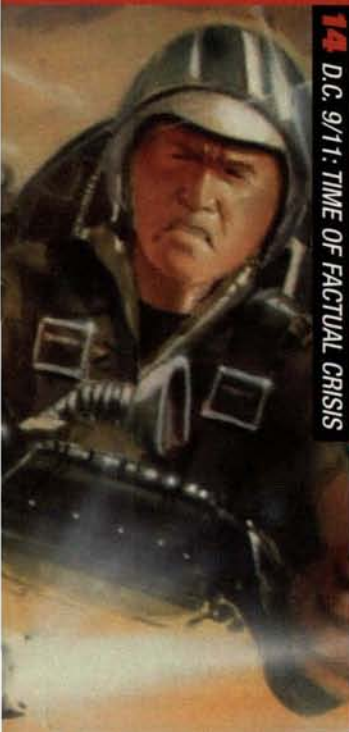
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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Ken Wahl

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ASHCROFT ATTACKS!

On August 7, 2003, the long-anticipated Justice Department attack on pornography was launched with the filing of a ten-count federal grand-jury indictment against Robert Zicari (otherwise known as Rob Black) and Janet Romano of Extreme Associates, a hard-core video company in the San Fernando Valley, California. Characterizing the raid as the first shot in a long-promised war against pornography, Attorney General John Ashcroft was quoted as saying, "Today's indictment marks an important step in the Department of Justice's strategy for attacking the proliferation of adult obscenity." The department, Ashcroft went on to say, will "continue to focus our efforts on targeted obscenity prosecutions that will deter others from producing and distributing obscene material."

Ashcroft attacked Extreme Associates because they are the most vulnerable. The company, a small player in the industry, produces movies like the *Extreme Teen* series and *Forced Entry*, which court documents allege contain fictional rapes and murders of women. Such fare is harder to defend in court than other types of adult material, especially in more conservative areas of the country, even though Hollywood fictionalizes these things all the time. However, it is a mistake to think that Ashcroft—a man that is so

offended by the sight of female breasts that he covers up the Spirit of Justice statue every time he gives a press conference in the Justice Department—will be content with such marginal enforcement. His personal wet dream is to put every purveyor of adult material out of business, a goal that was only put on hold because of 9/11.

What we have here is nothing less than a declaration of all-out war by the Bush Administration. At stake is your right to purchase not just the videos of your choice, but even the kind of material you are holding in your hands right now. With the full weight of the federal government against us, the battle won't be easy, even though the adult industry is now a California powerhouse, bringing billions of dollars into our economy. And though we will fight Ashcroft and Bush tooth and nail, ultimately it is up to you, the buyer of adult material, to protect your right to purchase the kind of entertainment you prefer, without interference from a bunch of right-wing zealots and religious nuts. You can defend your rights by contacting your congressman and senator to let them know where you stand on the issue.

Go to House.gov and Senate.gov to fire a return salvo.

Larry Flynt
Publisher
HUSTLER

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From the Trenches



He really dislikes that second letter.

October 2003 issue. They need to be seen by the American people. No one else besides Larry Flynt had the balls to show them. War is an atrocity, and I believe that some people take it too lightly. I am a combat engineer sergeant in the

U.S. Army currently serving in Iraq. Between a platoon of 25 soldiers, we have approximately seven stroke magazines between us. You can imagine their horrific condition after five months in Iraq. First Platoon would be very appreciative if HUSTLER would send us complimentary issues. We all love HUSTLER, BARELY LEGAL and BUSTY BEAUTIES. Thank you again for helping us out in a time of need, when the only pussy around is covered with long black robes.

—W. D.
Iraq

Your issues are on their way. Thank you for your brave service and kind words.



"Whoever got this sticky is a dead man."

I am writing to let you know that my soldiers and myself think HUSTLER is a very fine magazine. We have a few issues, which we smuggled into Iraq. Good reading material is forbidden over here. Unfortunately, the pages of the few issues we brought have become tarnished. As you may know, HUSTLER can no longer be purchased off the stands in our BX/PX stores. This sucks! Is there any way to remedy the situation without some mail room jackass screening our mail for the good stuff? I hope you can help me and my boys. Whatever you do, we will be thankful.

—C. C.
Iraq

Thank you very much for being the greatest stroke magazine in existence. There are all kinds of heroes in the world, but my favorite is Larry Flynt. He is a champion of the fight for freedom of speech in America. I was especially delighted by the pictures of the war in Iraq in the

Lesbo Love

I have been a HUSTLER reader for years but was especially impressed with the wonderful spread in the October 2003 issue (*Cassidy and Melody: Office Break*). As a lesbian, I would definitely like to see more hot strap-on action between gorgeous girls. Thanks for years of great entertainment.

—S. P.

Little Rock, Arkansas

Condit Complaint

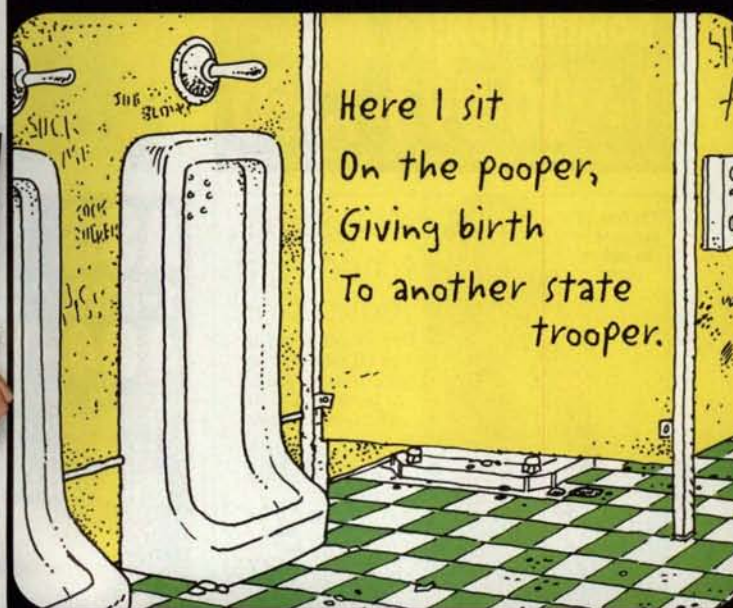
I have a few comments regarding your December 2003 issue. First of all, how about if, in future issues, you make some of the pictures a bit larger? Some of the photos in the pictorials were so small that I almost needed a magnifying glass to look at them. Secondly, how about printing some more pictures of Kathy Griffin? She looked pretty damn hot in the photos that accompanied her interview. Thirdly, in regard to the article on Joe Scarborough and the highly questionable circumstances surrounding the

death of his aide Lori Klausutis, you criticized the media for not going after Scarborough the way they did Gary Condit for the disappearance/murder of his intern Chandra Levy. I hate to remind you of this, but HUSTLER contributed to the rampant Condit bashing by naming Gary *Asshole of the Month* in the November 2001 issue. Not only that, but what in the world was Larry Flynt doing



CASSIDY AND MELODY

GRAFFITHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Robert P.

giving that interview a few months back on Scarborough's show? Lastly, as for your girl/girl layout that was shot in part by Anna Nicole Smith; what in the hell is a former *Asshole of the Month* (October 2002) doing shooting layouts for HUSTLER? What is next, Bill O'Reilly writing the *Publisher's Statement*?

—T.B.

Atkins, Arkansas
O'Reilly is probably too busy

launching frivolous lawsuits these days to write for HUSTLER.

Larry Bashing

I was flipping through the July 2003 HUSTLER, and staring me in the face was the *Asshole of the Month* page featuring Bill O'Reilly. From what I could deduce, I believe you're calling him an Asshole because he yells at his guests. You of all

people should not be calling someone an Asshole for expressing his views in his own style, even if they differ from yours. Lately, every time I turn the page it's more of the same George Bush bashing. Come on, you fuck-snoots, it's getting old. The October issue was the last straw. You people had the balls to print photos of innocent war victims that no one else would print. Photos of what the big, bad U.S. war

machine does to innocent civilians. Fuck you! Where were the photos of the victims of September 11? Or did you forget about that already? You people are a bunch of hypocrites who only defend the Constitution when it suits your own agenda. Here's my opinion: How about putting a dick in Larry Flynt's mouth? You people are pussies and probably don't even have the balls to print this letter. Fuck off, and I've canceled my subscription.

—B.R.

Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

1) When did we suggest that O'Reilly's freedom of speech should be taken away? On the other hand, Blustery Bill, by cutting off Jeremy Glick's microphone and calling for a boycott of Ludacris, has made real efforts to squelch contrary opinions. 2) If you know of a link between Iraq and 9/11, you should probably contact the White House. They've been hard-pressed to find one.

Naval No-No

The photographs you recently printed of the U.S. military men holding HUSTLER magazines are excellent and appropriate. Any man serving his country at this time deserves praise and support. Military men who enjoy viewing naked women should be able to do so. Incidentally, my brother is serving in the United States Navy, and from what he tells me, due to the fine tolerance of the "don't ask, don't tell" policy, don't expect to see any photos of Navy officers reading HUSTLER or smoking cigarettes in the sponson. With the new sensitive and politically correct atmosphere, they've turned to jelly.

—R.S.

Gresham, Oregon

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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Asshole of the Month

Nature dictates that certain things belong together: Shit and stink. Rotten garbage and flies. Crack whores and herpetic lesions. Rick Santorum and HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month title for January 2004.

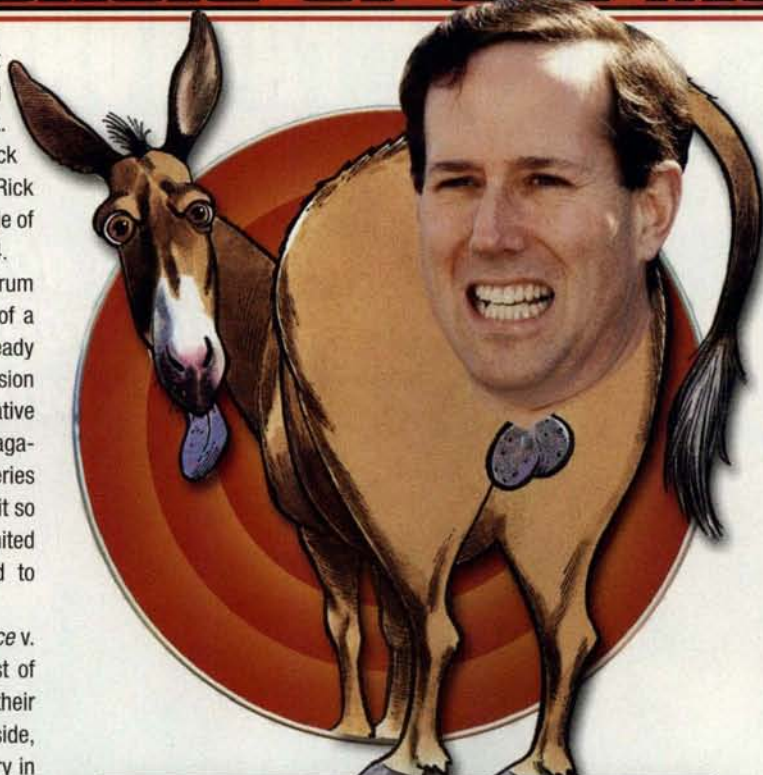
Pennsylvania Senator Santorum has the puffy, sniveling visage of a rat that's fattened itself on a steady diet of raw sewage. This impression is an apt reflection of his legislative record, which *Philadelphia* magazine has characterized as "a series of tantrums." His biggest hissy fit so far began last April, after the United States Supreme Court decided to review Texas's sodomy law.

The case in question, *Lawrence v. Texas*, stemmed from the arrest of two gay men for having sex in their own bedroom. Privacy issues aside, the Texas law was discriminatory in that it applied only to homosexuals.

For a self-proclaimed small-government conservative like Santorum, backing the appeal should have been a no-brainer, but Senator Shithead reacted as if he was personally being thrust face-first toward a truck-stop glory hole.

"If the Supreme Court says that you have the right to consensual sex within your home, then you have the right to bigamy, you have the right to polygamy, you have the right to incest, you have the right to adultery," Santorum ranted. Allowing adults to pork each other in their own homes, Rick argued, amounts to condoning "man-on-dog" love.

This initial salvo of idiocy blossomed into a mushroom cloud of gassy cretinism after the Supreme Court struck down the sodomy law.



RICK SANTORUM

Throwing himself into a tizzy over an imagined impending "gay-marriage debate," Santorum stumped for a Constitutional amendment to ban gay marriages in order to uphold "America's right to protect the family" and "defend the legal status of marriage."

Rick fails to explain how gay unions would threaten other marriages. Presumably he thinks that if queers are allowed to wed, Mr. and Mrs. America will immediately rush in disgust to file for divorce. Does any marriage that tenuous deserve defending?

Santorum's lunatic ravings shouldn't be misconstrued as mere homo-hating bigotry. He believes that *any* sexual activity outside the

bonds of matrimony should be subject to government intrusion. "The idea is that the state doesn't have rights to limit individuals' wants and passions," burbles Santorum. "I disagree with that."

"The right to privacy, up until yesterday, was within marriage," Santorum fumed after the Supreme Court ruling. "They have now changed it to consenting adults."

Last we knew, the Bill of Rights doesn't have a disclaimer stating, "Applies to married couples only."

When Santorum isn't busy dictating who shouldn't get married, he dictates who *should*. He's currently pushing to appropriate \$1.5 billion from the government coffers for "activities to promote marriage."

Since when is it the government's job to promote marriage, let alone squander taxpayer money to do so? Moreover, how does Santorum plan to "promote" marriage—hire emissaries to sneak into drugstores and poke holes in the condoms?

The marriage-promotion plan is part of a larger welfare-reform bill that would also up the hours of "work-related activities" welfare recipients must complete to receive their benefits. For parents of children older than six, the number jumps from 30 to 34 per week.

Absent from the bill is an increase in child-care funding to correspond with the longer work hours. Since that would have actually helped the families Santorum purports to cherish, he was naturally opposed to it.

"Making people struggle a little bit is not necessarily the worst thing," Rick smirked.

Yet somehow, Rick "Make 'Em Struggle" Santorum harbors delusions of virtue. "We need to summon the moral strength to create a civilization of peace, and justice, and of course, of love," he intones.

There's nothing remotely peaceful, just or loving about Santorum's inflammatory, discriminatory and divisive political record. Having planted his head up his ass, he has merely mistaken his cranium-encompassing rectum as a halo. Meanwhile, he seeks to abuse his public office by branding those he views as sinners with a scarlet A.

We're more than willing to respond in kind; unfortunately for Rick, his A stands for Asshole.

Farts in the Wind

The Recording Industry Association of America: After suing hundreds of music fans (one of them a 12-year-old girl) for downloading songs, the RIAA is trying to polish its image by jumping on the antiporn bandwagon. They're pushing for parental controls on file-swapping networks, since adult images can also be

shared on them. "Our artists' names are being used to lure kids and defraud them into finding pornography," says a spokesman. If these Assholes really cared about kids, they wouldn't sue them.

Walden O'Dell: As the CEO of voting-machine manufacturer Diebold, whose

product has been proven to be disturbingly tamper-prone, O'Dell might consider at least feigning political neutrality. Instead, he's vowed in a fund-raising letter that he's "committed to helping Ohio deliver its electoral votes to the President next year." Our delivery for O'Dell? An Asshole award. 🍌

D.C. 9/11: TIME OF FACTUAL CRISIS

*He wasn't going to let any
tinhorn terrorist chase him
out of town! (He fled on his own!)*

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SEE the drama of 9/11 as we wish it really was!

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SHOWTIME

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Parody. Not a real ad. This is a social commentary on how Showtime is exploiting the 9/11 tragedy to gain viewers and feed the myth that George W. Bush is a brave American hero who would risk his own life to fight terrorists. D.C. 9/11: Time of Crisis was produced by Bush supporter and appointee, Lionel Chetwynd, who consulted with Bush on the project and ran the script past Republican mouthpieces Fred Barnes and Morton Kondracke for right-wing approval; so its historical accuracy is laughable.

★ Porn and Politics

★ As California's recall went into full swing, our fearless leader announced he was throwing his hat into the ring to be the next governor of the Golden State. Using the campaign slogan "Vote for a smut peddler that cares," Larry Flynt told a packed press conference that he would reduce the California deficit by allowing slot machines in private casinos and taxing those same casinos to raise an estimated \$3 billion yearly. A lesser known gubernatorial candidate, porn star Mary Carey, said she would reduce the state's debt by taxing breast implants. Carey also vowed to boost the economy by making lap dances tax deductible, which would probably create a whole other mess to clean up in California.



Gummy Dongs



As if sex wasn't complicated enough, now there's Gummy Dongs, vibrators wrapped in jelly treats. It's bad enough that men today have to compete with vibrators that can go forever, but now we're up against candy-flavored ones! Not only that, just imagine how dangerous it could be when your girl is trying to eat the jelly and she accidentally clicks the vibrator on. Say goodbye to her sexy smile and hello to your new girlfriend, Nancy No-Teeth. If you still think this is a good idea, go to www.GummyDongs.com, but don't say we didn't warn you!

Porn From the Past



Helping Hands

Thanks and \$150 go to B. H. of El Prado, New Mexico, for this horny couple. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

All Decked Out

First there were the Iraqi government playing cards, then a deck of Bush and his corporate cronies. Now NewsMax brings us The Deck of Hillary. Each of the 52 cards features outrageous quotes by the former First Lady, current senator and possible future President. Forget her new book, this is the Hillary we all want to see—the acid-tongued, angry wife berating her horn-dog husband and the Republicans who tried to bring him down. To pick up your deck, go to www.NewsMax.com or call (800) 485-4350.

5 ♦ The First Lady

"I knew nothing about my brother's involvement in these pardons. I knew nothing about his taking money for his involvement. I had no knowledge of that whatsoever."

Sen. Clinton utilizing the Sps. Schultz defense in the pardons for cash scandal: *The Final Days*, p. 179, by Barbara Olson, Regnery 2001

Q ♥ Bill & Me

"Come on, Bill, put your d**k up. You can't f**k her here."

To Gore Clinton, after catching him talking to an attractive woman in a political rally: *Inside The White House*, p. 243, by Ronald Kessler, Pocket Books 1995

9 ♠ The REAL Hillary

"How can the Bush Administration justify wanting Americans to ingest more, not less, arsenic? What's next, a 'Drink Arsenic' campaign?"

Sen. Clinton claiming that President Bush wants to poison our water: 3/20/01 press release: <http://clinton.senate.gov>

"The most happy marriage I can picture would be the union of a deaf man to a blind woman." —SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

"Why should we take advice on sex from the Pope? If he knows anything about it, he shouldn't." —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



The Phelps Report: Bob Hope in Hell

All of America mourned when beloved comic Bob Hope passed away in July; well, almost all of America. The Rev. Fred Phelps, of www.GodHatesFags.com, *err*, fame, gave us his own unique opinion: "Bob Hope came to Topeka, Kansas, to raise money for this rich fag church, Grace Cathedral. I don't know if he was gay, but he kissed guys on the mouth, like (radio performer and '40s film star) Jerry Colonna. All these (editorial) cartoons about Bob Hope playing golf in heaven with Bing Crosby are pure blasphemy and a goofy notion. He joined the Catholics not long before he died. That will get you to hell; that's what that will do; that's going from the frying pan into the fire. Bob Hope split hell wide open when he died. He is in hell with the popes. If Bob Hope had the opportunity to come back to Earth for a couple of minutes, fire would be blazing out of his eyeballs and he'd say, 'Listen to Phelps, you fools. For God's sake, listen to Phelps!'"



Beached Boobs

The Poorman (a/k/a Jim Trenton) started off as a DJ in Los Angeles, where he hosted the highly popular talk/advice radio show *Loveline*. The former shock jock is back with a new show, *Poorman's Bikini Beach*, which features hot bikini-clad chicks engaged in jiggly activities such as sand wrestling, water jousting, tugs-of-war, chocolate wrestling tournaments, pillow fights (featuring three HUSTLER Honeys) and, of course, bikini contests! In between the boob action, Poorman interviews celebs such as our own Larry Flynt. Billed as the "world's only bikini reality show," *Poorman's Bikini Beach* airs in Los Angeles (KTLA), San Diego (XUPN), on the Urban American Network and also at www.PoormansBikiniBeach.com.



**Horn Dog
Davis**

by Aaron Warner



NEWSBITES

Mistaken Sexual Identity: Richard Allen Collins's license was suspended. So when he was pulled over in Norristown, Pennsylvania, for having fake inspection stickers, he handed the police a bogus ID, which listed his cousin's name, birth date and Social Security number. The joker in this house of cards was that Collins's cousin was a registered sex offender. When the boys in blue started questioning Collins about his "sex offense," he fessed up to his true identity. Collins was sentenced to 12 months in jail and, upon release, must register with the state as a complete moron.

War on Terrorism (and Trousers): The last time we dropped our pants in the middle of an airport, we got arrested, but Martin Holness apparently did so at the insistence of security. When the 34-year-old set off the metal detector at the Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport in Florida, he invited a guard to feel around in his pockets. Then Holness claims the guard told him to take off his trousers so that they could be fed through the X-ray machine. Holness did so and stood in the airport in his boxers. Extreme security measures and civil rights aside, the whole scenario sounds like gay foreplay to us.

More Boxer News: Marlin Patton is accused of allegedly carjacking a couple in Cincinnati while wearing only his boxer shorts. Police say Patton crashed his car into the victims' Chrysler near a post office, threatened to kill the couple inside the auto and then took off with their car. A police helicopter and dog search turned up nothing, but Patton was later found in an alley, still in his skivvies. Perhaps he was returning from the airport.

Bring 'em Young: In Utah, a police officer was convicted of bigamy and sex with a girl who was 16 when he married her as his third wife. Rodney Holm subscribes to the early beliefs of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which embraced polygamy. His defense attorney claimed Holm was simply following "God's law." Holm now faces several years in jail away from his three wives and 21 children. If he's smart, he'll ask the judge for the longest possible sentence.

All I Want for Christmas: Retail giant Best Buy is being sued by an Ohio couple that bought a camcorder for their son for Christmas. The digital device apparently had recorded scenes of men having sex, and now the family is seeking more than \$25,000 in damages. If they win this lawsuit, we hope the kid doesn't blow it all on gay porn.

Audio Orgy

Cyborgasm I and II were recorded "on location" and feature "actual sex acts" by porn star Annie Sprinkle, performance artists and normal people. The recordings are a mixed bag of grunts, groans, erotic moans and fantasies. Some of the scenarios are grade-A whack-off material, others are just plain wacky; one gal sounds like a new-ager trying to mix sex with self-help mantras, bleating, "You are sexy, you are divine." Uhh, no, we're not; if we were, we would be getting the real thing. For the sounds of sex go to www.PassionPress.com or call (800) 289-8423.



Olsen Twins Countdown

Howard Stern, a huge fan of the Olsen twins, says he is on the lookout for some African-American twins that he can market as the "black Olsen twins." Howard also plans to go back to college when Mary-Kate and Ashley enroll back east. We don't have to tell Stern, since he probably already knows, but as of November 18, 2003, there are only 208 more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

Dan Rather Suicide Pool Update!

Faithful readers will recall that we started a suicide pool in the March 2003 HUSTLER, encouraging folks to predict when Dan Rather might take his own life. We're sorry to say that Dan continues to blindly spew out press releases night after night like an obedient corporate drone. Perhaps Rather has Alzheimer's and can't recall the days when he bravely challenged President Nixon, or maybe he's just content being a mouthpiece for Bush and Co. They say only the good die young; so the CBS anchor will probably be with us for quite some time. Therefore we are officially ending the Dan Rather suicide pool. May it rest in peace.



Indecent Exposure

The idea of an all-nude vacation to Mexico, Jamaica or the Caribbean may conjure up visions of naked chicks who look like Pamela Anderson. In reality, the women on these trips are more likely to resemble Louie Anderson. Castaways Travel says their clothing-optional, week-long getaways draw all types: school superintendents, opera singers, doctors and lawyers (notice there's no mention of strippers). Still, these vacations are popular. Castaways tells us there's been no dip in business since 9/11, and we believe them; what terrorist would have the, um, guts to hijack a plane load of nude lard bags? If you're still interested in one of these trips, we recommend therapy, or you can go to www.CastawaysTravel.com or call (800) 470-2020 to learn more.



"Love is only a dirty trick played on us to achieve the continuation of the species." —W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

CELEBRITY FANTASY

What would *Lisa Marie Presley* look like with a dick in her mouth?



Being Elvis Presley's only child can't be easy, and Lisa Marie has had her share of struggles. The Scientologist's three failed marriages include a three-month union to actor Nicolas Cage and a 20-month stint as Mrs. Michael Jackson. Speaking of her marriage to Wacko Jacko, Presley is refreshingly honest, admitting, "I was insane, and no one could tell me that I was wrong." Recalling their sex life, Lisa Marie makes the King of Pop sound more like the King of Flop; she notes that Jackson was "not sexually seductive." So if Jackson didn't do it for her, what does? Lisa Marie says she likes sex "the way they do it [in] porn movies." Well, if there's one thing we know, it's porn; here's the cock you've been waiting for, Lisa Marie!

Disclaimer: No such picture of Lisa Marie Presley exists. This is a social commentary on Lisa Marie Presley's three failed marriages. Maybe a cock in her mouth will prevent her from uttering yet another foolhardy "I do."



Covering Your Ass

This Month: 98.6 Degrees: The Art of Keeping Your Ass Alive! by Cody Lundin

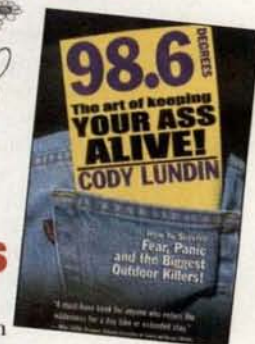
What it is: A MacGyver-like survival manual on how to stave off death should you become lost or stranded in the great outdoors. Cody Lundin teaches you how to regulate your body temperature, stay hydrated and signal rescuers. This was not written by some wanna-be outdoorsman. Lundin lived for two years in the woods, where he slept on pine needles. The book is full of the author's wilderness wisdom and cartoonist Russ Miller's clever illustrations.

Why We Care: Most people think, *It can't happen to me*, but emergency situations often have benign beginnings. A wrong turn down a road or a simple day hike can easily turn into a life-threatening situation. Plus, if the economy keeps tanking, we'll probably all be stranded outdoors before too long.

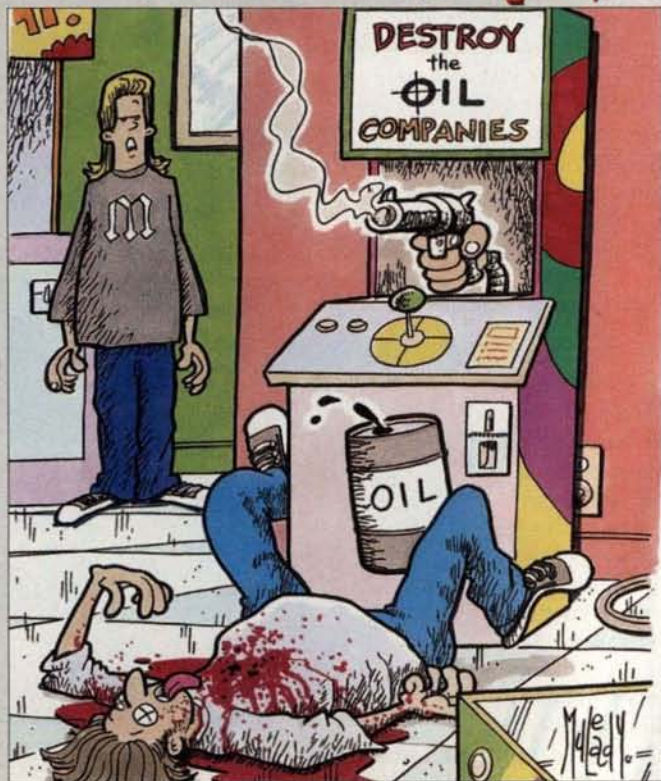
Buzz: The book has gotten rave reviews from author Alan Dean Foster, Dan Houriha (president, Mountain Rescue Association) and Peter Kummerfeldt (Former SERE training director at the U.S. Air Force Academy).

How to Get It: 98.6 Degrees: The Art of Keeping Your Ass Alive! is available at local bookstores and at www.ALSSAdventures.com.

Bottom Line: This is the kind of book you never think you'll need, until it's too late. Read it now!



"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



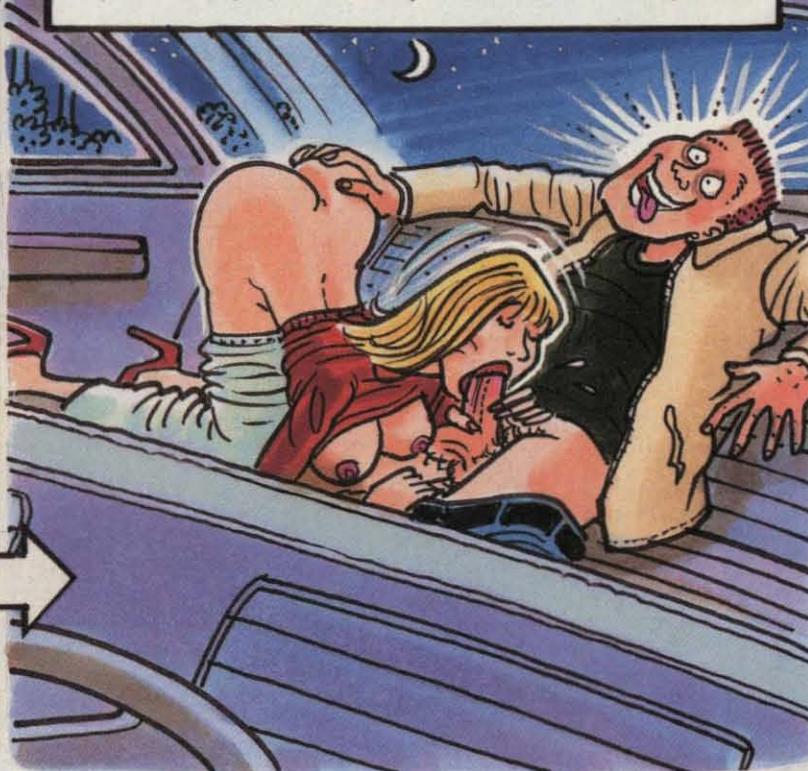
"Dude, no one ever wins that game."

"Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo." —H.G. WELLS

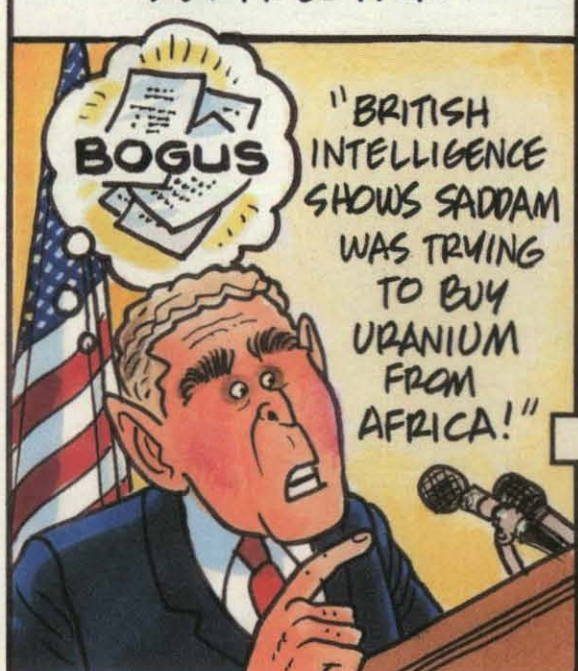
CLINTON LIES ABOUT
GETTING BLOWJOBS...



BLOWJOBS BECOME VERY
POPULAR WITH YOUNG PEOPLE.

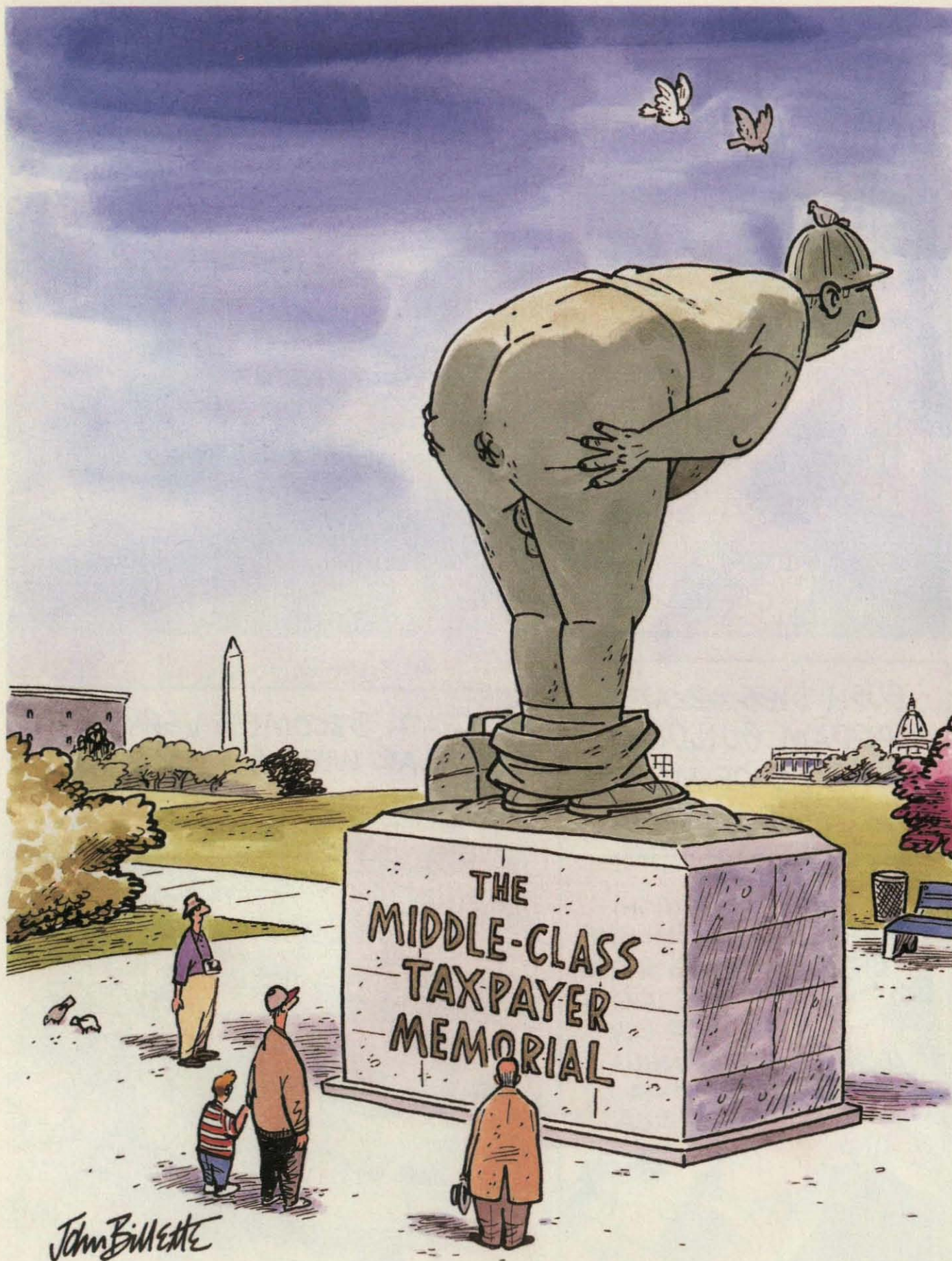


BUSH LIES ABOUT
SADDAM BUILDING
WEAPONS OF MASS
DESTRUCTION...



DEATH BECOMES VERY
POPULAR WITH YOUNG PEOPLE.





Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S., Canada, and Europe.



Give Her a Cum-Drenching

the
ultimate
fuck

She'll Never Forget

By Nancy Ann

Learning "The Ropes"...

I'd like to share a letter from a reader, about a secret that makes sex absolutely explosive (literally!).

Amy writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his super-human load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them



their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Amy B.
Dallas, Texas

Amy, you and the rest of my readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your boyfriend's

Swedish nutritionist friend likely shared.

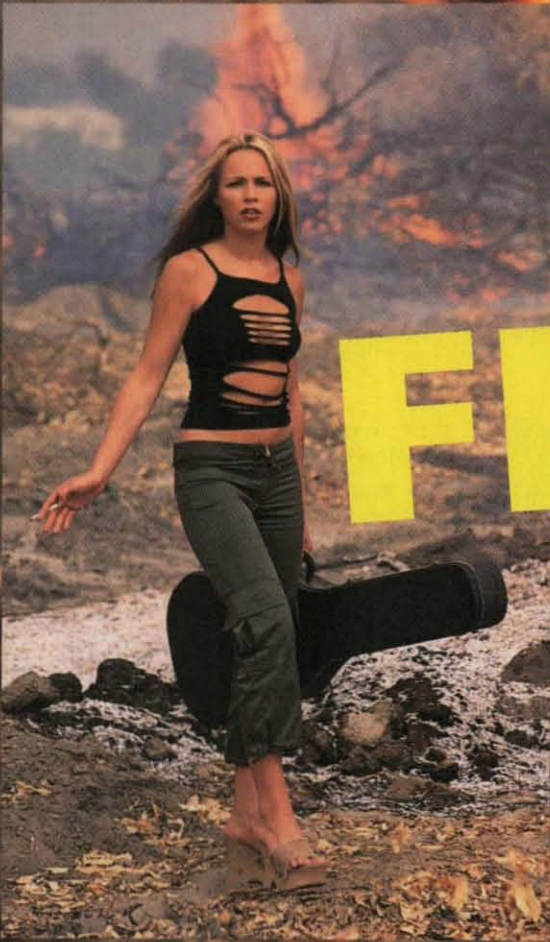
The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by using a product called Serogen. It's a natural, pure extract specially formulated to trigger better, more powerful orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Serogen can help stimulate a strong female orgasm.

The term the Swedish nutritionist used is actually fairly common slang for the effect your boyfriend experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as "ropes" because of the rope-like effect of release during climax.

As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If you are interested, you can contact the company toll-free at 1-866-SOM-A-LAB or visit the Web site www.somalab.net. Serogen is an all-natural, herbal-derived tablet. Most people I've spoken with have said that just taking three a day has led to the roping effect Amy describes in her letter.

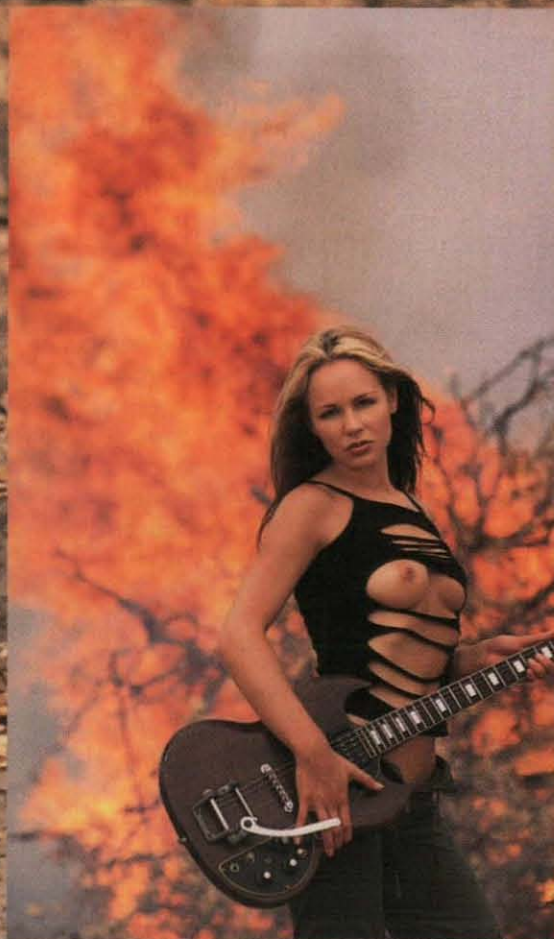
Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann



FIRE IN CRYSTAL KLEIN

Crystal was born in Austria, the motherland of candidate Arnold Schwarzenegger, and isn't afraid to offer her political analysis of the Terminator: "I think he's really an honest guy and has honest intentions." The 21-year-old brushes aside the rumors that Arnold has bench-pressed a lot of girls, opining, "I cannot see him as a womanizer. He has no sex appeal whatsoever."



THE HOLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



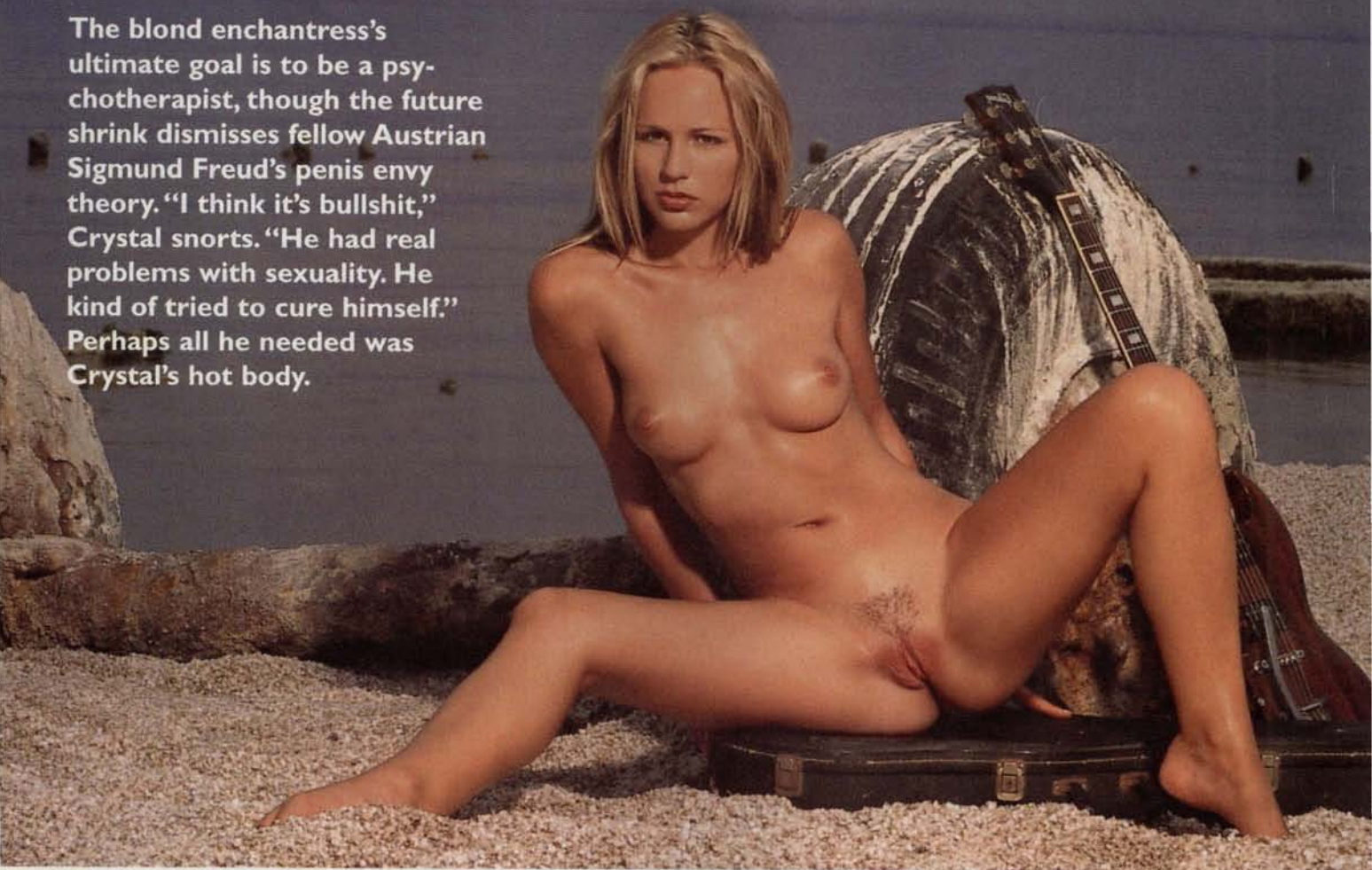






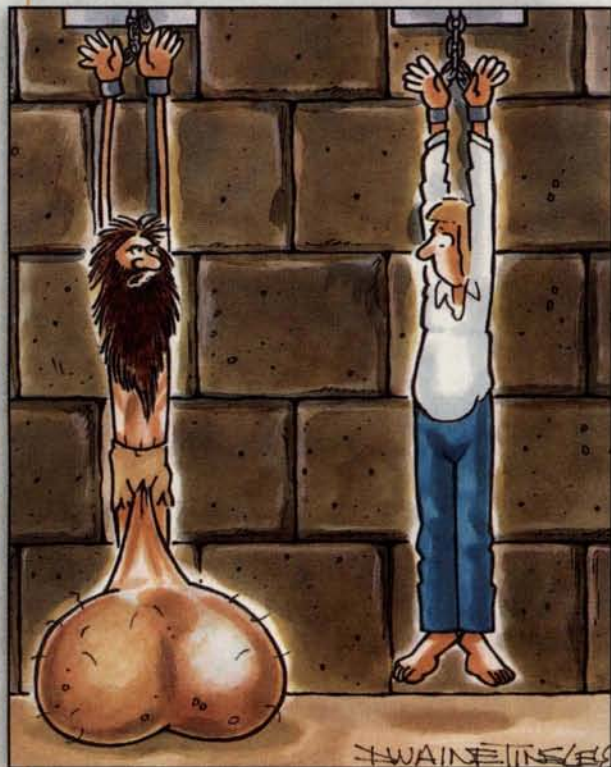


The blond enchantress's ultimate goal is to be a psychotherapist, though the future shrink dismisses fellow Austrian Sigmund Freud's penis envy theory. "I think it's bullshit," Crystal snorts. "He had real problems with sexuality. He kind of tried to cure himself." Perhaps all he needed was Crystal's hot body.





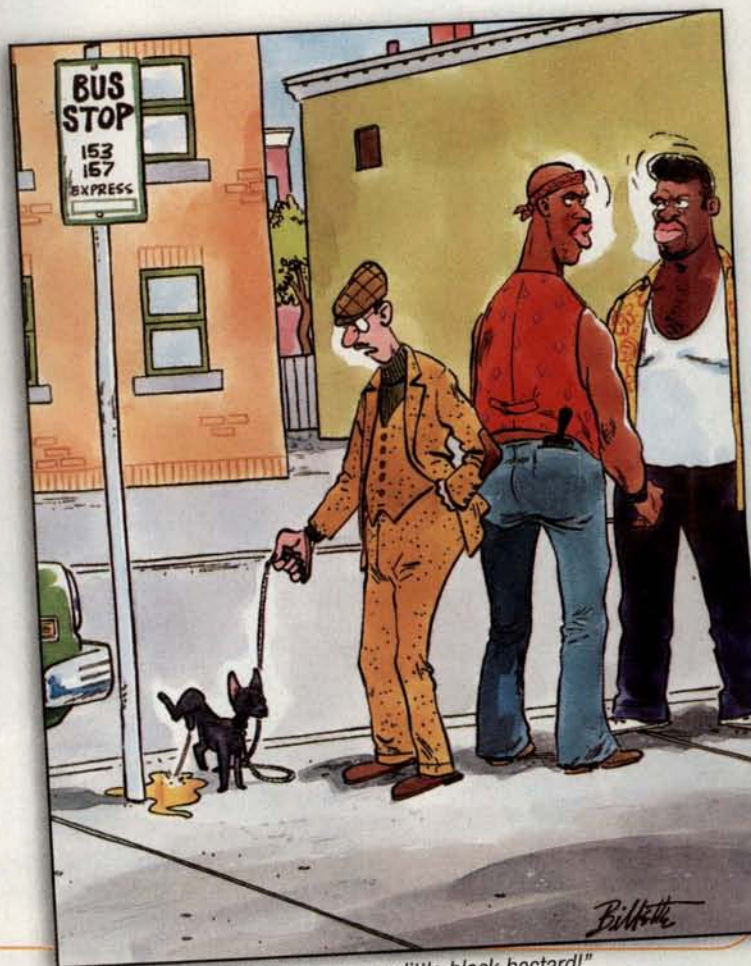
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"The toughest part is the lack of pussy."



"It's a suicide all right. The radio is tuned to a country music station."



"Hurry up, you little black bastard!"

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

**The candid revelations
of three housewives and
one guy seeking fun and
excitement on live chat lines.**

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely, and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is

a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm



"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".



Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!"

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me \$1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

**“ No actresses
like other
chat lines. ”**

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** (1-800-943-3242) is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Wh GO Kno

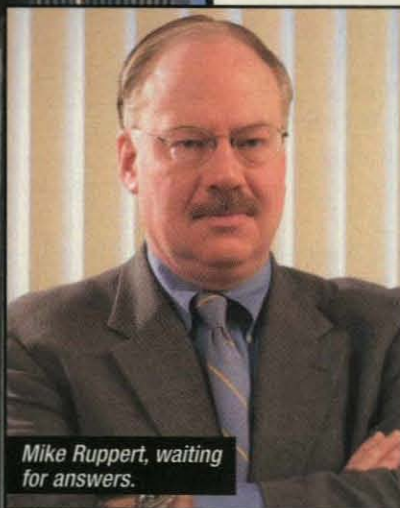
Interview by
Bruce David and Dan Kapelovitz

Michael Ruppert is a former LAPD narcotics investigator who resigned in 1978 after attempting to expose CIA drug trafficking. Since then, Ruppert has published and edited *From the Wilderness* (www.FromTheWilderness.com), a newsletter that sheds light on government corruption and counts 35 members of the U.S. Congress among its subscribers.

Ruppert's video, *The Truth and Lies of 9-11*, and his latest book, *Crossing the Rubicon: America's Descent Into Fascism at the End of the Age of Oil*, present compelling evidence (derived from government documents, official statements and reliable news

organizations) of CIA foreknowledge and insider trading related to 9/11.

Many of Ruppert's findings are extremely controversial and, in some cases, even hard to believe. However, we feel it is important to give our readers this information, especially given the fact that the Bush Administration is thwarting investigations into the events surrounding America's darkest day.



Mike Ruppert, waiting for answers.

HUSTLER: The story you tell concerning 9/11 and insider trading is deeply disturbing.

RUPPERT: The put options are one of the most glaring anomalies of everything that stands out about 9/11.

HUSTLER: Explain exactly what put options are.

RUPPERT: They're basically a bet that the price

What Did Our Government Know About 9/11?

According to investigator Michael Ruppert, millions—if not billions—of dollars were made from insider trading by people who knew what was going to occur on September 11, 2001. More disturbingly, Ruppert accuses factions of our own government of allowing the terrorist attacks to succeed.

of a given stock is going to fall dramatically. Let's say that I buy a put option to sell United Airlines at \$100 a share, and the stock goes down to \$25 a share tomorrow. I can go out and buy the stock at \$25 a share, exercise the put option, and the person holding the other end of the put option is required to pay me \$100 a share. I can make enormous amounts of money if I know that the stock price is going to fall.

HUSTLER: So if people were aware of what was going to happen on 9/11, there was an easy way for them to make some quick money on the stock market?

RUPPERT: Yes. It happened not only in the U.S. and not only on UAL [United Airlines]; it happened all over the world. The press reports, not only from the United States, but especially from Germany, England and Japan, indicated that the insider trading pre-9/11 was worldwide. Estimates from Europe have said that as many as hundreds of billions of dollars could have been made. Of course, all the results of those investigations are secret.

HUSTLER: Reliable news organizations, at first, reported this story, but they dropped it.

RUPPERT: CBS was saying there was an increase in UAL put options. I think it was 285 times—not percent, but 285 times—above normal and that the imbalances were absolutely unmistakable. CBS News said the trades were setting off alarm bells the day before the attacks.

HUSTLER: People who are critical of your claims contend that there will be normal spikes in put options from time to time.

RUPPERT: The true key is not just the number of put options but also the drastic imbalance between puts and calls. A call is just the reverse. A call's a bet that the stock price is going to rise. It's when you see these huge imbalances that you know there is insider trading. In other research I have done over the years, I document clearly that all major intelligence services always track stock trades in real time for just such reasons, to warn of economic or other kinds of attacks.

HUSTLER: Based on this research, we can be pretty certain that there were people all around the planet who knew what was going to happen on September 11.

RUPPERT: Right.

HUSTLER: Isn't it true that there's \$2 million unclaimed by someone who put in put options?

RUPPERT: It was about \$2 1/2 million, and that's only one of the many put options made on UAL that went unclaimed.

HUSTLER: Are they still unclaimed?

RUPPERT: That I don't know. Again, all this information was locked up tighter than a drum right after 9/11. What really shut up all the investigations was a story that I wrote right after 9/11, in which I disclosed that most of the UAL put options had been purchased through the Alex. Brown unit of Deutsche Bank, which had been headed, until 1998, by a guy named A.B. "Buzzy" Krongard. Today, Krongard is the executive director—that's the number three guy—at the CIA. As soon as I broke that story, everything around the planet went dead-silent about the insider trading.

HUSTLER: So there's a link between the insider trading and the CIA?

RUPPERT: Yes, and not only that; a guy by the name of Mayo Shattuck III, who was the head of the Alex. Brown unit, resigned on September 12, suddenly, right after the attacks.

HUSTLER: You're speculating he resigned because he was tainted by this?

RUPPERT: Absolutely, and he's very good friends with Krongard, who went to the CIA in '98.

HUSTLER: Is Krongard still with the CIA?

RUPPERT: Yes, sir. The point that I made very early on, which was since corroborated, was that there is absolutely no way on God's green earth that Osama bin Laden or anyone connected with al Qaeda could have or would have made these trades. It would have been an absolute warning signal that, "We're coming to make attacks." It's ludicrous to presume that, if the attacks were, as the government said, three to four years in the planning in the most strict secrecy, Bin Laden would have tipped his hand. The only people who really could have made these trades would have been people connected to or in the intelligence community who would have known that the attacks were going to occur, that the attacks were going to be successful, and that there was definite money to be made. The trades were not just United and American Airlines; they included AXA Reinsurance and Munich Reinsurance [which covered insurance companies that had clients in the World Trade Center], Merrill Lynch and Morgan Stanley [which had offices in or right next to the

World Trade Center], and so on and so forth. People who knew that these attacks were going to take place and succeed were the ones who made the trades. It could have been guys in the intelligence community, in some cases, saying, "I'm just going to go out and make a few million, ha ha," but it also could have been intelligence agencies [in an institutional manner] who wanted to increase their cash flow. That's what they do.

HUSTLER: Can't they track who made these put options?

RUPPERT: Oh, absolutely. A high-ranking guy at the Securities and Exchange Commission [SEC] said, "We can find out within hours who made these trades."

HUSTLER: Yet we've heard nothing?

RUPPERT: Right, and oil is critical to all this. In the past 100 years, we have used up half of the planet's oil supply. We have passed the peak of production; we're at a point where demand is going to increase continually as supplies decrease. That is the reason for 9/11, and that is the reason for everything that's happened. It's why I was able to predict and describe accurately our moves into Central Asia, and, boy, I was on West Africa a year ago saying, "We are going to have to go to West Africa," and look at what's happening now. Nigeria is in worse shape than Liberia; it's just not being covered by mainstream press. There have been major revolts with hundreds dead, oil-shipping facilities have been overrun, British and American oil workers have been taken hostage and released,

and the U.S. Navy is giving warships to Nigeria.

HUSTLER: Is it your thesis that we let 9/11 happen so we'd have an excuse to go into the other countries and grab their oil?

RUPPERT: Absolutely. Not only did we let it happen; we opened the door and held it wide open. Aside from the insider trading, there's other extremely compelling evidence of that. The U.S. fighter response was interfered with on 9/11. In the calendar year prior to 9/11, we had 56 documentable instances where fighters were scrambled and flying beside aircraft that had merely gone off course or lost radio contact, not even been hijacked. Yet on 9/11, in the middle of four hijackings, we had 90-minute delays before any fighters were scrambled. I have a six-foot-long, pull-out chart that's fully footnoted in my book that shows the contravention of normal Federal Aviation Administration [FAA] U.S. Air Force operating procedures on 9/11. Not only from news sources, but I also have the FAA and the North American Aerospace Defense Command [NORAD] records.

HUSTLER: Isn't there a big dispute between the FAA and NORAD as to who was responsible for not scrambling the jets?

RUPPERT: Right. There were major discrepancies in their statements, and I lay these out in a flow chart that just hits you in the face so hard you can't even breathe.

HUSTLER: What other evidence do you have in terms of our government knowing about 9/11

beforehand?

RUPPERT: I established this early on, and this forms a basis of statements made by Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney, who's a very good friend of mine. I think she's a wonderfully courageous woman who's being vindicated on a daily basis. Shortly after the attacks—and I'm in touch with many members of Congress who are my subscribers—I was in touch with her office, and I said, "Wait a minute. I have all of these foreign stories from major respected publications showing that the intelligence services of Germany, France, Russia and Israel had delivered very specific warnings to the highest levels." In the case of Russia, President Putin sent personal emissaries to warn President Bush. Putin even said so on MSNBC right after the attacks. You take all [of the reports] together, [and you have knowledge that] suicide hijackers in the week of September 9 were going to hijack airliners and crash them into the World Trade Center.

HUSTLER: So there was so much information that they would have had to look the other way to ignore it.

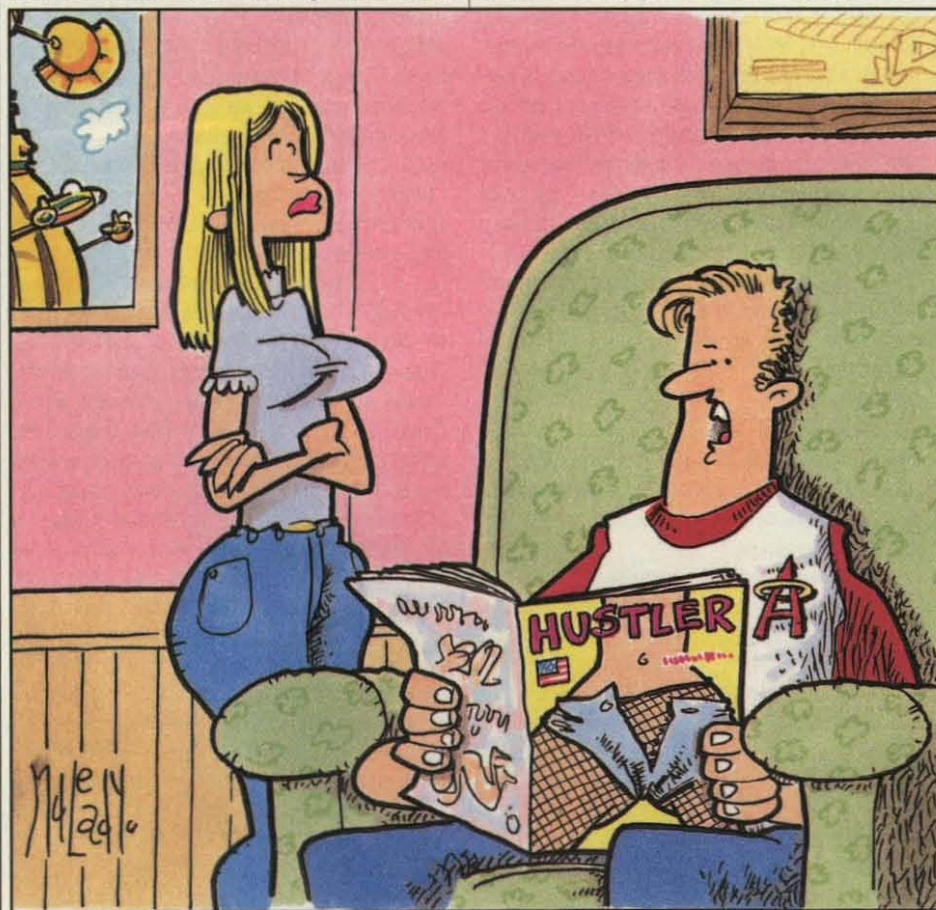
RUPPERT: Absolutely. Now this is part of the stuff that's classified in the new 9/11 report. When I gave information to McKinney, she said, "Jesus, Mike, I don't get this. I went to my Congressional intelligence contacts and laid out all this stuff for them, and they won't talk to me. They won't answer." She said, "The only time that they never get back to me is when it's right."

HUSTLER: There seems to have been ample information that Arabs with al Qaeda ties were learning how to fly planes in schools in the United States.

RUPPERT: Oh, absolutely. Mohammed Atta received flight training at Maxwell Air Force Base; a couple others had received training at Pensacola [Florida]. We had an Air Force lieutenant colonel who came out and disclosed that several of the alleged 9/11 hijackers had received foreign-language training at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California.

HUSTLER: Then, you would say that what we're faced with is either a conspiracy within the government or an incredible amount of incompetence.

RUPPERT: Well, I cannot buy the incompetence theory because there's too much systematic action that took place, which allowed the attacks to happen. For example, Coleen Rowley of the Minneapolis FBI Office, one of *Time's* 2002 Persons of the Year, wrote a memorandum, which she sent to Dianne Feinstein and a couple other senators. It was a blistering memo about how FBI headquarters had suppressed the Minneapolis office's investigation into Zacarias Moussaoui—denying search warrants of his computer to the point where you had FBI agents in Minneapolis going, "My God, Bin Laden must have a mole in FBI headquarters." "Bin Laden's going to crash planes into the World Trade Center": Those were notes from the FBI field office. The FBI supervisory agent, in her case, who suppressed her investigation was a guy named Dave Frasca. Frasca also



"If I'm gonna be influenced by biased media, it's sure as shit gonna be a media of my choice!"

was the guy who sat on the Williams Memorandum from Phoenix, which [detailed] all the al Qaeda guys in flight school, but I have tied Dave Frasca to three other 9/11 investigations that were suppressed, including a Carnivore wiretap of al Qaeda e-mails and a direct order from the White House to the FBI in January 2001 to stop investigating two of Osama bin Laden's cousins who were living in Falls Church, Virginia, right outside of CIA headquarters. That order quite likely went through Dave Frasca. Since Frasca is the head of the bureau's Radical Fundamentalist Unit, it's reasonable to infer this one guy inside the FBI sat on five separate investigations, each one of which could have prevented the attacks.

HUSTLER: So someone higher up must have told him, "Don't go there."

RUPPERT: Not only that; he's still at the FBI, and he got promoted right after 9/11.

HUSTLER: Do you believe that the intelligence agencies planned 9/11, or rather that they just knew about it and didn't do anything to prevent it?

RUPPERT: Plan is a difficult word here. Intelligence agencies succeed by running "assets"—in other words, somebody who does the intelligence agency's bidding without necessarily knowing who's running them or what the motive is. T. E. Lawrence, Lawrence of Arabia, was a classic case. He was used by British intelligence, sent out on a mission, believed he was doing something when in fact he was being used to do something else. We have huge documented evidence now. I've got a long trail—the penetration, the relationship and the protection of al Qaeda by U.S. State Department and CIA officials. One of the most damaging pieces of information is that the head of the Pakistani Intelligence Service wired \$100,000 to Mohammed Atta about a week before the attacks, and yet he was meeting in Washington with Cheney, Rumsfeld, all these people, on the day of the attacks. So we were using cutouts to support and protect al Qaeda. We have a clear record that many of the 9/11 hijackers could have been rounded up before the attacks, like the two who were living in San Diego. So the government didn't necessarily plan. It's more like they held the doors open, and they knew exactly what was going to take place and how. They facilitated by, in effect, being the unseen door openers.

HUSTLER: Much of this sounds incredible. Yet with the suppressing and redacting of the 9/11 report, the government isn't offering much of an explanation.

RUPPERT: In my book, I'll be filling in some of the blanked-out pages that are in that 9/11 report. We have to fully understand that we're facing a huge problem here that's not being addressed in any way that's beneficial to the human race. Without transparency, we're all screwed. Bottom line: No matter what the cost, we have to put all the cards on the table, and we have to be willing to face whatever they tell us. ☹

A Disturbing Timeline

What do you do when your country is under attack? If you're the leader of the free world, you read a kids' book.

8:46: Flight 11 smashes into the World Trade Center's north tower.

8:48: The first news accounts of the crash are televised.

Shortly after 8:48: According to an ABC report, as Bush is preparing for his photo-op at the Emma Booker Elementary school in Florida, a reporter asks him, "Do you know what's going on in New York?" He says he does.

8:51: Bush arrives at Booker Elementary.

9:00: Bush is taken to a holding room and briefed over the phone by National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice. This is how Bush later recalled the events: "I was sitting outside the classroom waiting to go in, and I saw an airplane hit the tower—the TV was obviously on, and I used to fly myself, and I said, 'There's one terrible pilot.' I said, 'It must have been a horrible accident.' But I was whisked off there—I didn't have much time to think about it." Bush is mistaken; there was no footage of the first plane hitting the tower until later that day, and the second plane had yet to hit the south tower. More disturbingly, the President decides to read to the children while there are two (possibly three) confirmed hijackings.

9:02 to (approximately) 9:23: Bush listens to students read a story about a pet goat when he should be making decisions whether or not to shoot down the hijacked planes, since only the President can order the shooting down of civilian aircraft. In fact, jet fighters had not even been scrambled to intercept the aircraft, contradictory to standard operating procedures.

9:03: Flight 175 hits the World Trade Center's south tower.

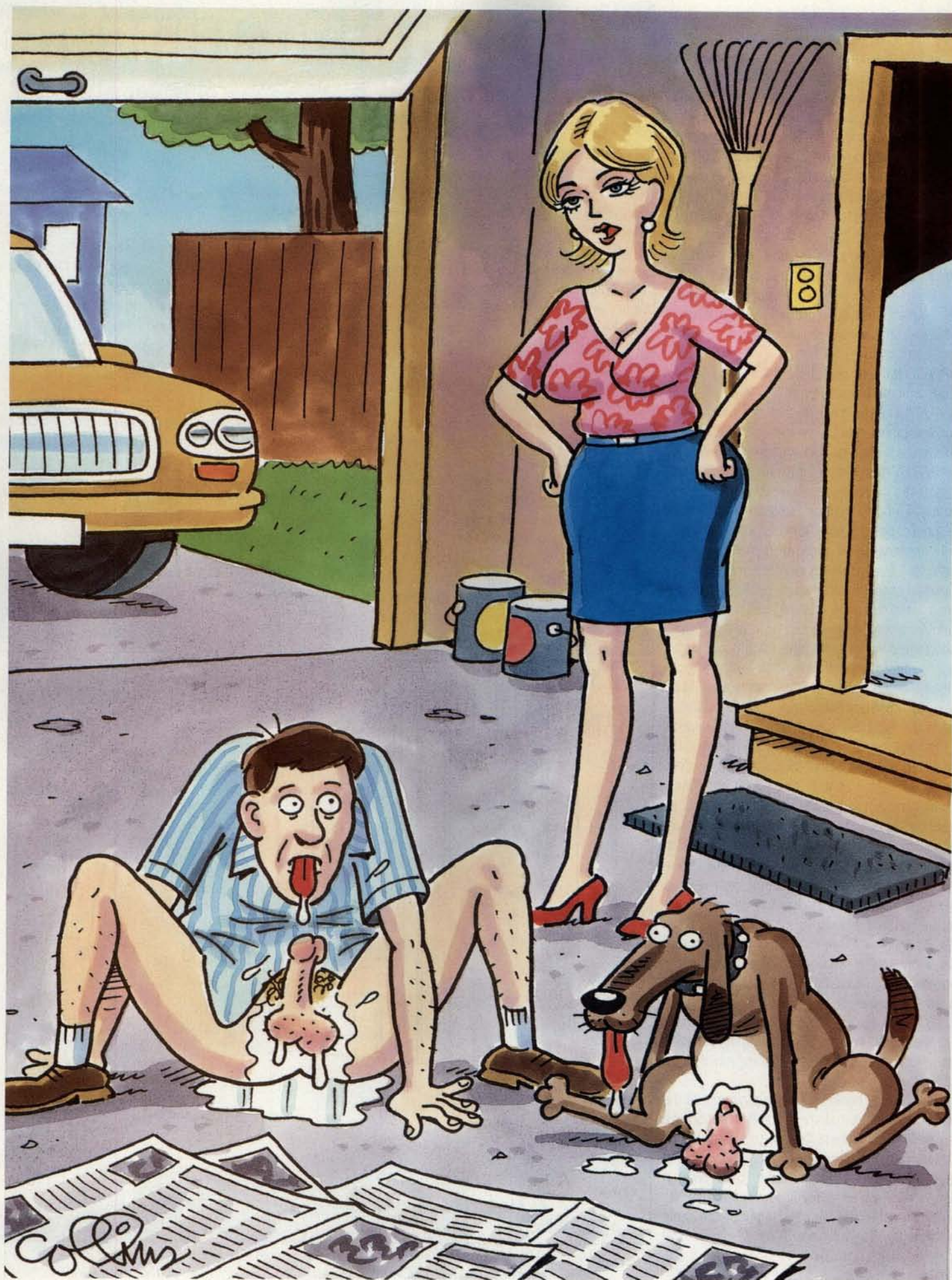
9:05: Chief of Staff Andrew Card whispers in Bush's ear that a second plane has hit the World Trade Center. Bush continues to read with the children, allegedly because he didn't want to scare them. If he was composed enough to carry on a photo-op, couldn't the President have calmly told the kids, "I'm sorry, but I have to attend to some important business"?

9:41: Flight 77 crashes into the Pentagon while Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld is in his Pentagon office watching TV.

10:03: Flight 93 crashes in southern Pennsylvania.



"Nine thirty; board meeting to discuss following items: Bush campaign contribution, firing of additional American employees, bribes to EPA officials and your increased bonus. Eleven; lunch at club...."



"I thought you were supposed to be teaching him."

Puddle Muddle

I recently met this chick at a bar, and we went back to her place to fuck like wild animals. She got on top of me and, in the middle of the act, started moaning like crazy. All of a sudden, I felt this warm liquid coat my upper thighs. I think she may have peed on me while having an orgasm. I couldn't get out of there fast enough. Could you explain what the hell happened?

—R.J.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Are you certain that it was pee, or is it possible that the discharge was due to the ever-confusing, elusive and otherwise thought-provoking phenomenon known as female ejaculation? If the latter is the case, consider yourself lucky and pat yourself on the back. If it was pee, perhaps she has a slight incontinence problem and you have such a massive donkey dick that you penetrated too deeply against her bladder, triggering the urine to flow. Then again, maybe she's just a chronic bed wetter; next time, bring rubber sheets.

Hoover Jam

I've grown weary of masturbating with the same old items: hands, vibrators, pocket-pussies, etc. I heard somewhere that if you place your cock into the nozzle of a vacuum cleaner, the sucking sensation is amazing. Can you recommend any vacuum brands that are better than others? Is this activity dangerous? Are there any blades midway down the nozzle? I'd like to know because I am a man of considerable length.

—P.D.
Cork, Ireland

If you take the vacuum cleaner and roll it up and down your dick, you might remove any dust or bed mites from your pubic region, but inserting your dick into the nozzle is not a good idea. If you're simply looking for a change of pace, try jacking off into a silk handkerchief or a rabbit fur-lined mitten turned inside-out. You might even try carving a hole in a cantaloupe and heating it up in the microwave. You could find a whole myriad of sensations with different varieties of fruit. Have fun exploring the possibilities.

Black-Balled

My wife of ten years suggested that we actually live out our wildest fantasies. I agreed and told her that mine is being with her and another woman. She said, "Fine, I'll arrange it." She went on to

say, "Mine is fucking two young, black cocks all night long while you stay at a hotel and think about what I'm doing while you are jerking off. You arrange it." She is very serious. Now what do I do?

—G.N.
via Internet

Your wife sounds like my kind of gal. The bottom line is, if you want her to hook up your fantasy, you have to be fair. If you decide you honestly want to pursue this fantasy, I'd suggest placing an ad in the personals section in your local adult newspaper. The Internet would be a useful tool as well. Don't leap before you look; consider the repercussions of your actions, and good luck.

Potty Mouth

I stumbled upon a Japanese Web site the other day that showed a woman crapping in a guy's mouth just at the moment of orgasm. I'd like to have my wife perform this on me right before I blow my wad, but I think she might have reservations. How can I explain to her that I really need her to do this to me? In addition, can I get some kind of disease from this?

—P.M.
Grand Blanc, Michigan

Firstly, fecal matter introduced into your mouth might make you sick, even if it is your wife's shit. You could contract a staph infection or some other horrible disease. Sometimes the fantasy is better than the reality. That being said, there is a safer way to perform such an activity. You could place a piece of glass over your face so that you can actually see your wife's turd torpedo barreling toward your face without the drawbacks of ingestion. I'd recommend that you show your wife the Web site and gauge her reaction as to whether you should push the issue.



Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lp.com.



"Nope, that's not him. My Calvin has a big pecker."

A woman with long red hair, wearing a black corset and red high-heeled shoes, stands in a doorway. She is holding a knife in her right hand. The room has white tiled walls with dark diamond-shaped accents. A radiator is visible on the right wall. On the floor, there is a red cooler with several bottles and a large, dark, irregular stain. The word "PHYSICAL" is written in large, white, sans-serif capital letters across the middle of the image.

PHYSICAL

After the police gather all the evidence and the coroner wheels the body out, someone has to clean up the mess at a murder scene. It's not a glamorous job, but it helps if you have a fetish for true crime like Cytherea and Nicole do. Once the floor was clean, the girls went to work on each other, probing and prying every crevice, looking for signs of foul play. Nicole performed a full cavity search, then Cytherea launched a deep investigation inside her clit-loving cohort.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

EVIDENCE

NICOLE AND CYTHEREA







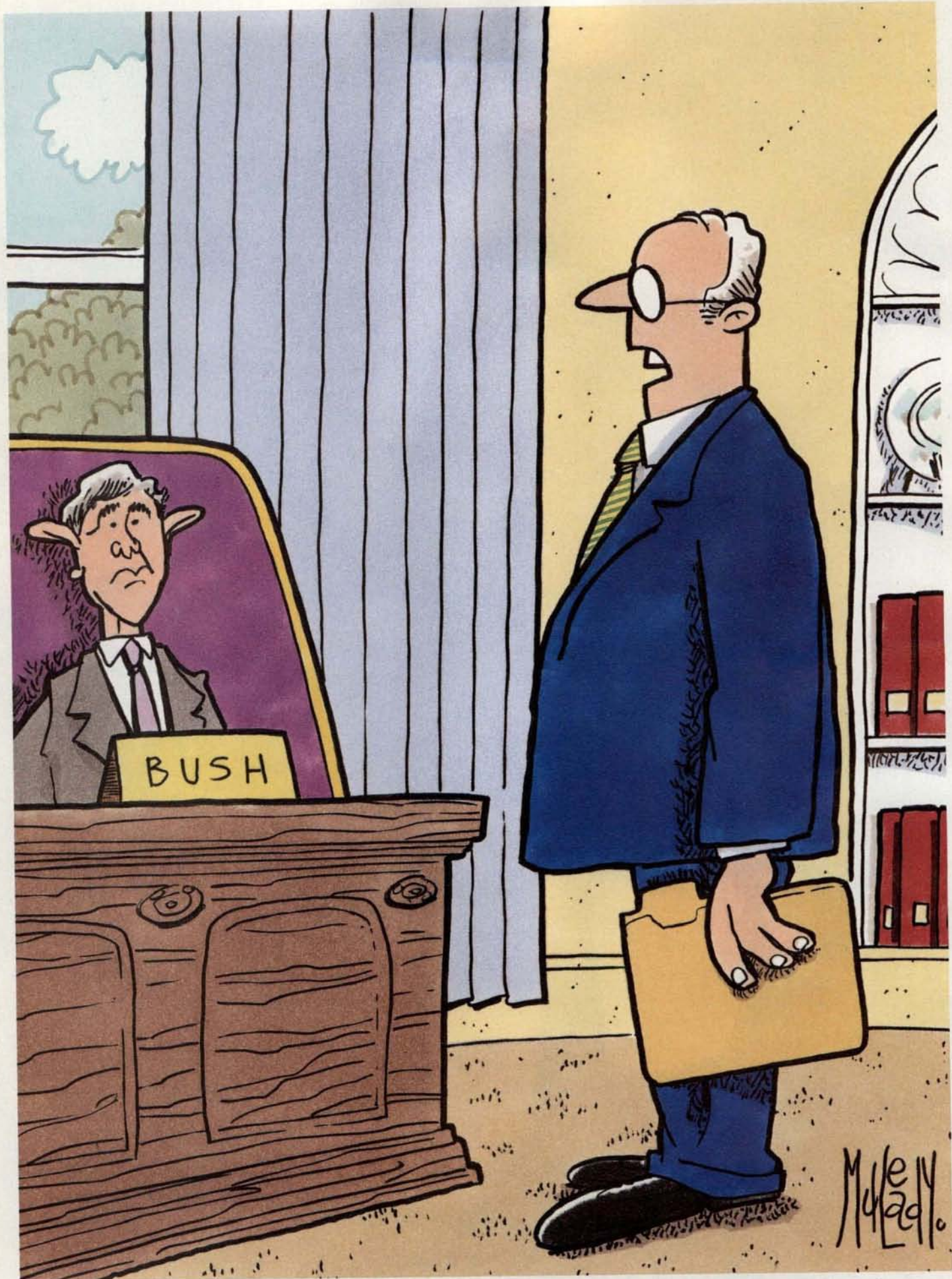
Nicole lets it all hang out in **BARELY LEGAL #39**,
and Cytherea bares it all in **YOUNG GIRLS'**
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"We've found weapons of mass destruction in Iraq—in a room with 2 million uncounted Al Gore 2000 Presidential ballots."

GROPES ON THE SLOPES

My weekend trip to Vail, Colorado, was unforgettable. Being confined to a wheelchair due to a recent forklift accident, I insisted on not going, but my friends Les and Wood wouldn't take no for an answer. They agreed that I'd find something to do. Our wake-up call rang at 8 a.m. Saturday morning, and fresh powder carpeted the hills. While my buddies headed out for an early snowboard run, I sat above the slopes, checking out the view. What I saw was an awe-inspiring pair of white mountains that belonged to Inez, the lodge's groundskeeper.

"Mornin'!" I nodded in her direction, hoping she'd respond. She was crammed into a pair of tan Dickies that proudly hugged her vivacious rump. Her workman shirt was unbuttoned halfway, exposing deep, creamy cleavage that made me as hard as an icicle. I was mesmerized. All I could think about was titty-fucking her and spraying my nut curd all over those babies. "You must be cold stiff," she said, interrupting my daydream but, thankfully, acknowledging my presence. Still in a daze, I smiled, not realizing that she was referring to the tent pitched on my lap. By the time I figured out what the observant smart-ass meant, she was behind my gimpmobile, pushing me toward a huge pine tree. "Uh, what are you doing?" I inquired, like an idiotic schoolboy. "You need to be warmed up," the curly-haired brunette quipped. She stared at me with her big, green, Bambillike eyes, waiting for my comeback. An unwitting, "Definitely" was all I could spit out.

As soon as I was parked, the ski lodge seductress pulled down her khakis and climbed aboard my chair, placing her knees on the armrests. She gently laid her snatch on my mouth while her fragrant bush flooded my nostrils. The horny ginch grinded her hips slowly, which then progressed to her gyrating in a circular motion. By this time, my entire face was masked in her caramel-flavored punani sauce. I looked up to enjoy the view of her perfectly round and erect nipples, which were just as hard as my salami. I extended both hands to massage her milky tits; she moaned with pleasure. The fat-racked beauty's melons felt unbelievably fuckable, which made me want to nestle my schwang between them even more.

My momentary daydream came to a halt when the sopping-wet broad slowly turned, giving me a chance to tongue-

fuck her out hole. I salivated like a starved heifer at a Krispy Kreme doughnut shop. The primo snow bunny stuck her fulsome ass cheeks in my face, practically burying my entire head between them. I didn't mind, mostly because she was the nurturing type of bitch: She reached back, gently pressing and caressing my noggin deeper into her heinie's crack. Using the second-strongest muscle in my body, I licked and prodded her bum spigot with full concentration, rimming her sphincter in a spiral pattern. The excitable cutie squirmed with delight aloft my happy face and tossed her tresses about, priming me for the booby-fuck of my life.

The sex-crazed nympho slid off my grill and turned around. The bare-assed sex goddess pulled down my pants, uncovering my veiny lap mallet. This clever fox knew the art of deception: She worked her plummy pudenda up and down my shaft, making me believe she was going to plunder it with her baby hole. After she had slickened my snake, the big-teated tease bent down and squeezed her lungs together tightly, creating the most inviting chest ventage I've ever seen. The booby-fuck specialist carefully inserted my dong and moved up and down steadily; her sweater meat mas-

saged my aching scrotum pole like 1,000 warm, tiny fingers. The praiseworthy slattern encouraged my excitement with a big smile. My prick throbbed in anticipation of the blast to come, but I wanted to enjoy the best breast sex of my life a little longer. After 15 minutes of titty tobagging, the thirsty slut picked up speed, bouncing up and down faster, till I could hold it no more. Guiding her mouth directly over my swizzle stick, I urgently jettisoned my ball ballast, sending shivers up my broken spine. The salacious groundskeeper quaffed down every drop; she even sucked the remaining dollops off my wee-wee.

After our satisfying sexcapade, the stacked trollop wheeled me back to where we met and went back to work as if nothing happened. I am glad I decided to go on this trip, and I had to thank my friends for insisting that I tag along. Although I didn't get to snowboard with Les and Wood, I sure enjoyed slopes of a better kind.

-J. D.

Fort Collins, Colorado

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. ☎



"Oh, come on. How much longer can you stay mad at the French?"

Sylvie from Sydney says,
"There's a lot more to
Australia than mad kangaroos
bouncing all over the place."
The 22-year-old Aussie enjoys
racing speedboats in Darling
Harbor and going to concerts
at the Sydney Opera House.



GOING DOWN SYLVIE UNDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DARREN MCCORMACK





She attends school part-time and wants to be an oceanographer. "The Great Barrier Reef is amazing," the comely sheila purrs, her charming accent creating a rock formation in our pants. "I love scuba diving, sometimes with only a tank and nothing else." When it comes to men, the not-so-virginal Virgo likes the Crocodile Dundee types. "I don't like men that just sit around watching TV. I like men who enjoy the outdoors and, at the drop of a hat, will go backpacking at midnight." What man could resist this Australian's outback?







DOUBLE TROU

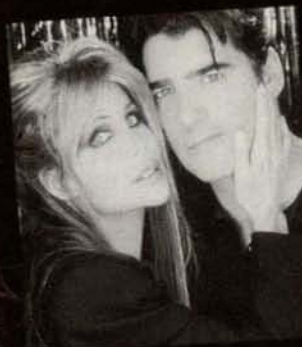
THE BARBI TWINS EXPOSED!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN WAHL

HUSTLER
reveals the
salacious
secrets of
America's
favorite
identical
sisters, the
Barbi Twins.



BLE



HUSTLER recently obtained these exclusive pictures of Shane and Sia Barbi, a/k/a the Barbi Twins, shot by Shane's husband, actor Ken Wahl (*Wiseguy*) pictured at left. Barbi

Twins insider Scott

Franklin supplied us with these kinky photographs and agreed to give our readers juicy details that have never been revealed—until now.

The Barbi Twins first hit the scene in the early '90s, when they appeared in *Playboy* and in their best-selling calendars. With their genetically identical large breasts, blond hair and shapely butts, Shane and Sia became instant sensations, attracting the attention of some of the world's most rich and powerful men. Prince William reportedly kept a Barbi Twins poster on his wall. Blake Edwards wanted the twins to star in a sequel to his film *10*, entitled *20*. John Kennedy Jr. and Donald Trump both pursued the girls. Even Saddam Hussein has been alleged to be a huge Barbi Twins fan.

The identical sisters recently admitted on *The Howard Stern Show* that Wahl, who has been romantically linked to Traci Lords and various other sexpots, takes sexual turns with each of the Barbis. Franklin insists, however, that the sisterly love goes far beyond what they told Stern.

While these photographs illustrate that Ken enjoys looking at the nude bodies of his wife and sister-in-law, Franklin says that when the camera is off, the twin-on-twin action becomes much more explicit. In the past, the twins have denied lezzing out on each other, joking that they have higher standards and that it would be like masturbating. But Franklin, who has known Shane and Sia for years as both friends and business associates, insists that Ken and the busty duo do indeed engage in kinky threeways.

At first, Franklin claims, Sia would only have sex with Wahl when Shane wasn't present. However, the girls, who learned to kiss by practicing on each other and experienced their first ménage à trois with a runway model in Europe, wanted to please Ken further by performing incestuous sex acts in front of him. "Ken loves to watch them



together," says Franklin. "In order to make Ken happy, the girls decided to bring Sia into the act. Ken sits and watches as the girls warm up on each other—kissing, touching, digital stimulation. It excites [the girls] to excite him; so they'll do anything to keep him satisfied. If that means that they have to do oral, they'll do oral. They use sex toys on each other while Ken watches."

Professional belly dancers before they became famous pinup models, the Barbi Twins utilize their unique skills and elaborate costumes in the bedroom. "Ken likes them to belly dance for him," says Franklin. "It always ends up that Shane does a dance in Ken's face with her crotch, and Sia gives him a blowjob. They're all three in bed together. It's one happy family."

According to our source, sometimes the girls engage in various forms of role-playing, in which one of them pretends to be a dog. Other times, they activate their Barbi Twins powers, and one takes the shape of a cowboy while the other assumes the form of a horse. Shane and Sia also enjoy sadomasochistic scenarios. "In real life, Shane is the aggressor and Sia is the submissive," says Franklin, "but when they role-play, Sia likes to be the dominant, and Shane likes to be the submissive. They've got a nice little collection of stuff—whips and toys—that they like to use on each other."

The twins sometimes add to the fun by bringing home dancers they meet in strip clubs.

But things weren't always so happy in Barbi Twins Land. The girls suffered from eating disorders for most of their lives, and instant fame pushed them even deeper into the world of bulimia. In 1996, Sia had to be rushed to the hospital after she overdosed on laxatives. Since then, the sisters have managed to turn their lives around. Each Barbi received a master's degree in nutrition, and in 2000, the two released the book *Dying to Be Healthy*, an "anti-diet" diet book that details their eating-disorder battles.

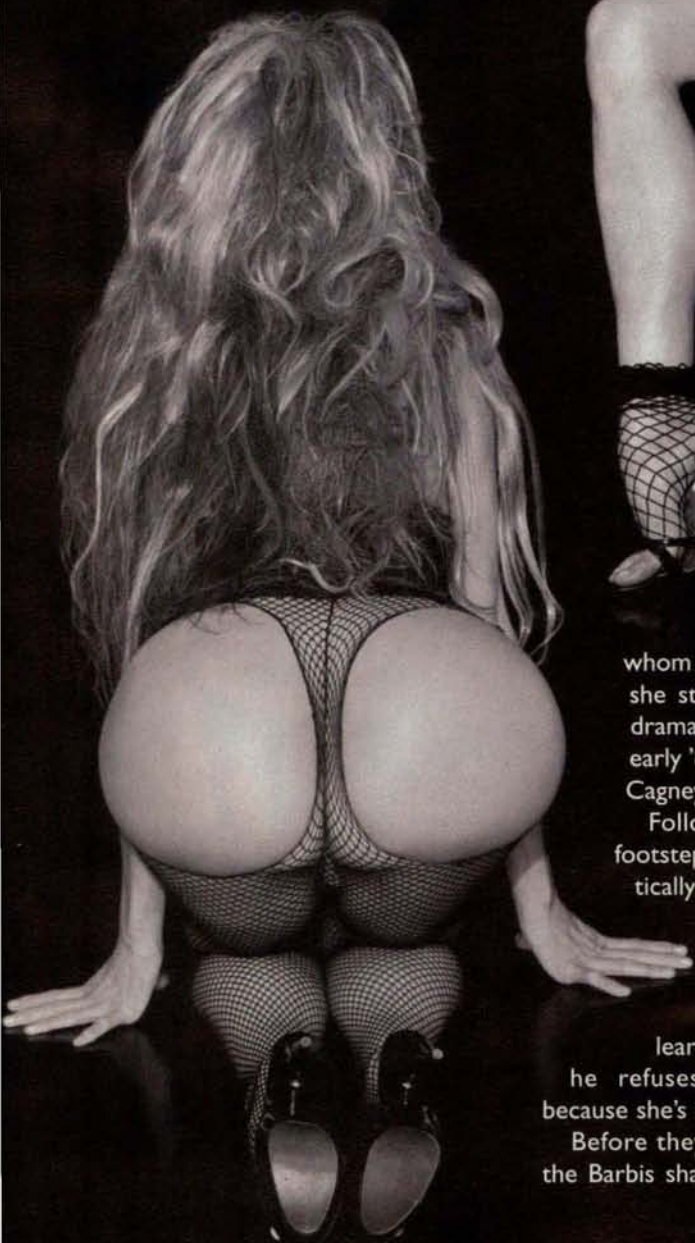
In fact, one of the twins' seemingly sapphic activities is actually performed in the name of health: The recovering bulimics insert their fingers into each other's vaginas (and their own), then taste the juices in order to determine if



they are in good health. The twins are on a strict diet of raw fruits, nuts and vegetables, and they believe that if their pussies taste sweet, like oranges, they are eating correctly. The girls also apply the finger method to determine if a girl they pick up is healthy enough to have sex with.

The Barbis' taste for the fairer sex may actually be genetic. The girls' late father was a born-again Christian Republican, but their mother is a lesbian psychotherapist.

The elder Barbi, a former Miss Ohio and Miss America runner-up, divorced her husband when the twins were two years old, and is rumored to have been romantically linked with Shane and Sia's godmother, Dusty "Son of a Preacher Man" Springfield. Ma Barbi also had an affair with a well-known actress, of



whom Franklin will only say that she starred in a television cop drama during the late '70s and early '80s. (Luckily, she is neither Cagney nor Lacey.)

Following in her mother's footsteps, Sia is currently romantically linked to a female television star. Although

Franklin says that it would blow people's minds if they ever learned the actress's identity, he refuses to reveal her name because she's in the closet and married.

Before they were household names, the Barbis shared another man, a well-

known athlete (they won't say who). The girls would switch off so that the sports figure thought he was only dating one girl. He eventually found out that he was dating twins, and instead of realizing that he had hit the sexual equivalent of the daily double, the moron was angry that he had been duped.

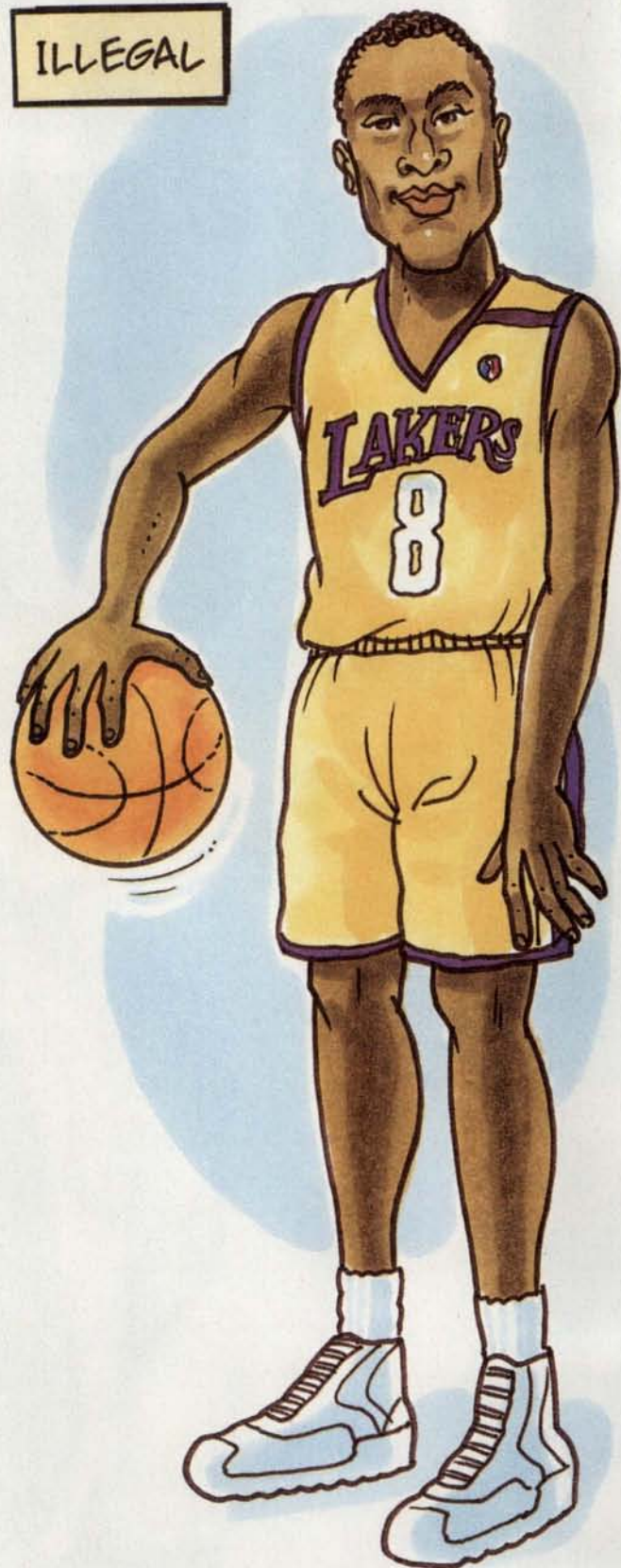
If the foolish jock is out there looking at this double-your-pleasure, double-your-fun pictorial (while hitting himself in the head, hopefully), this will be a lesson to him and anyone else confronted with a similar situation: It is better to have had a threeway with identical twins and lost them than to never have had a threeway with twins at all. 



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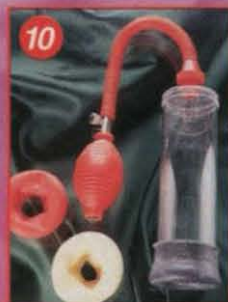
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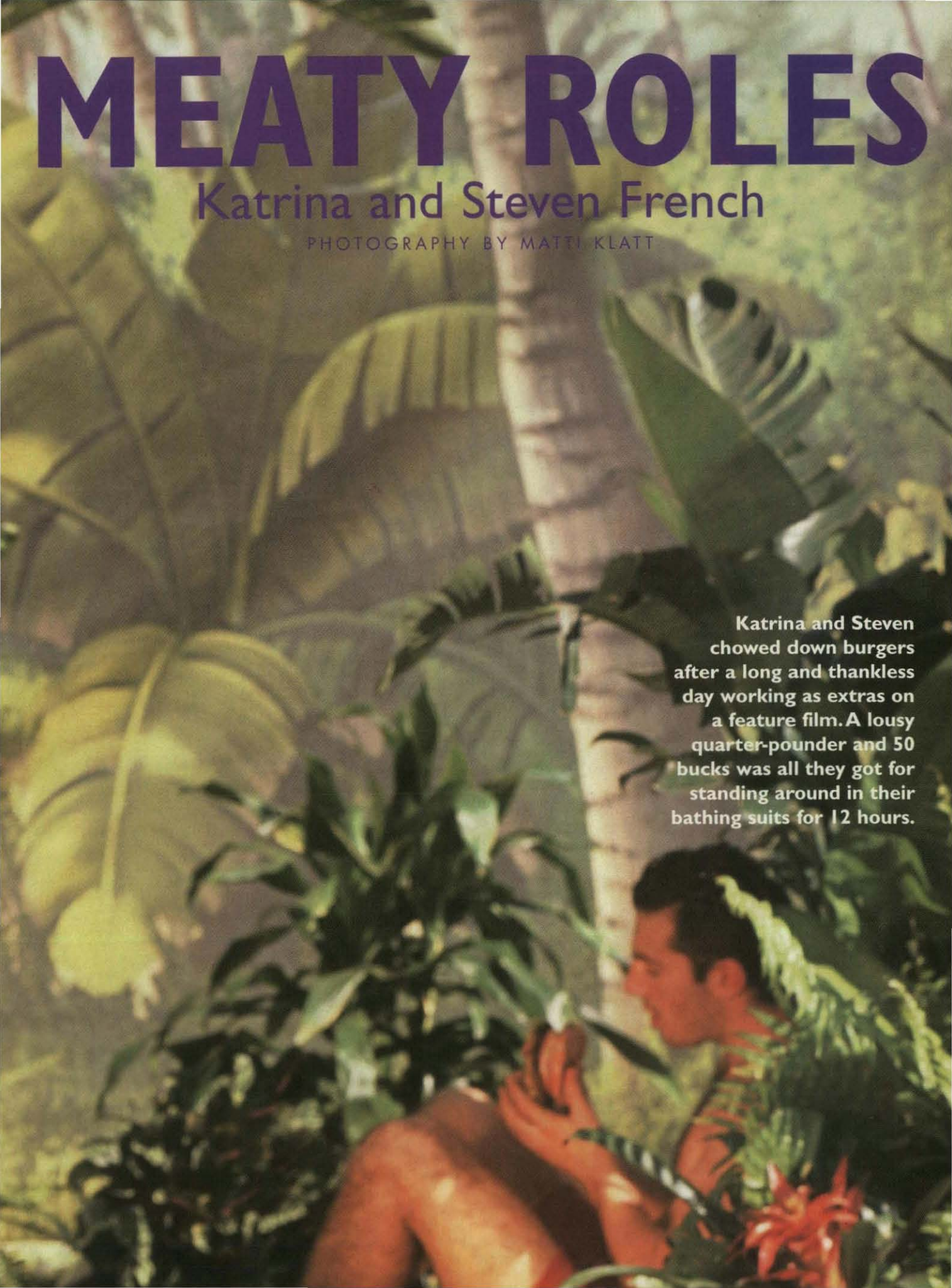
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MEATY ROLES

A photograph of a man in a tropical jungle setting. He is shirtless, wearing a red lei, and is looking down at something in his hands. The background is filled with large, green tropical leaves and a palm tree trunk.

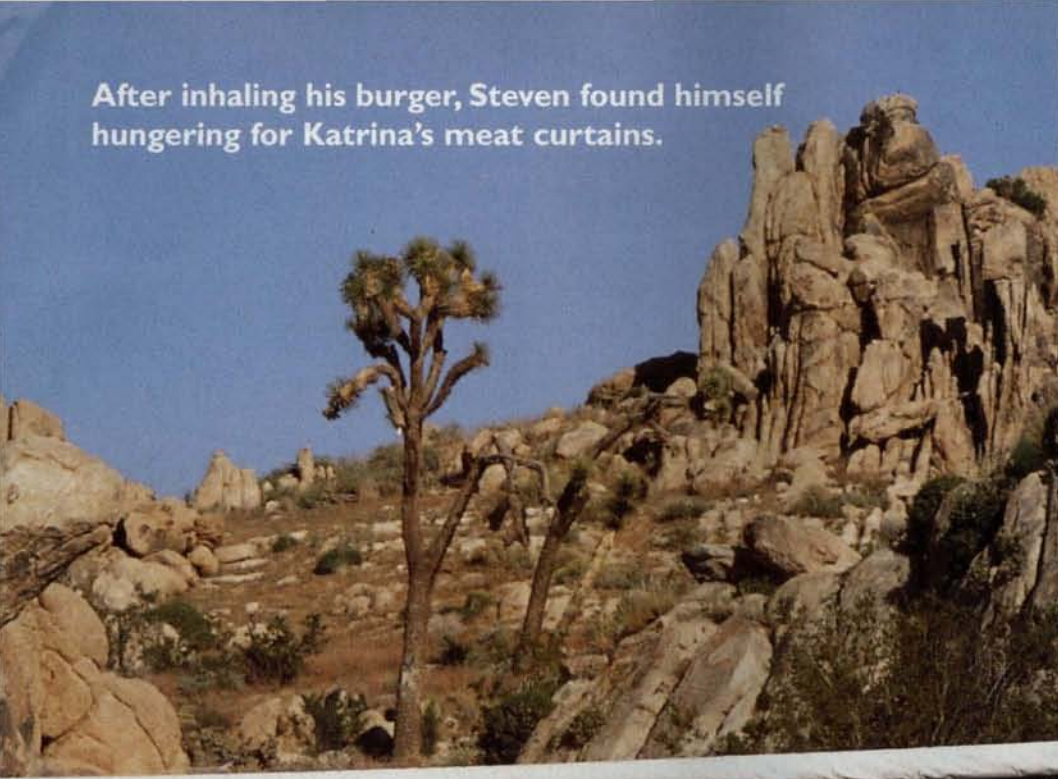
Katrina and Steven French

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Katrina and Steven chowed down burgers after a long and thankless day working as extras on a feature film. A lousy quarter-pounder and 50 bucks was all they got for standing around in their bathing suits for 12 hours.



After inhaling his burger, Steven found himself
hungering for Katrina's meat curtains.



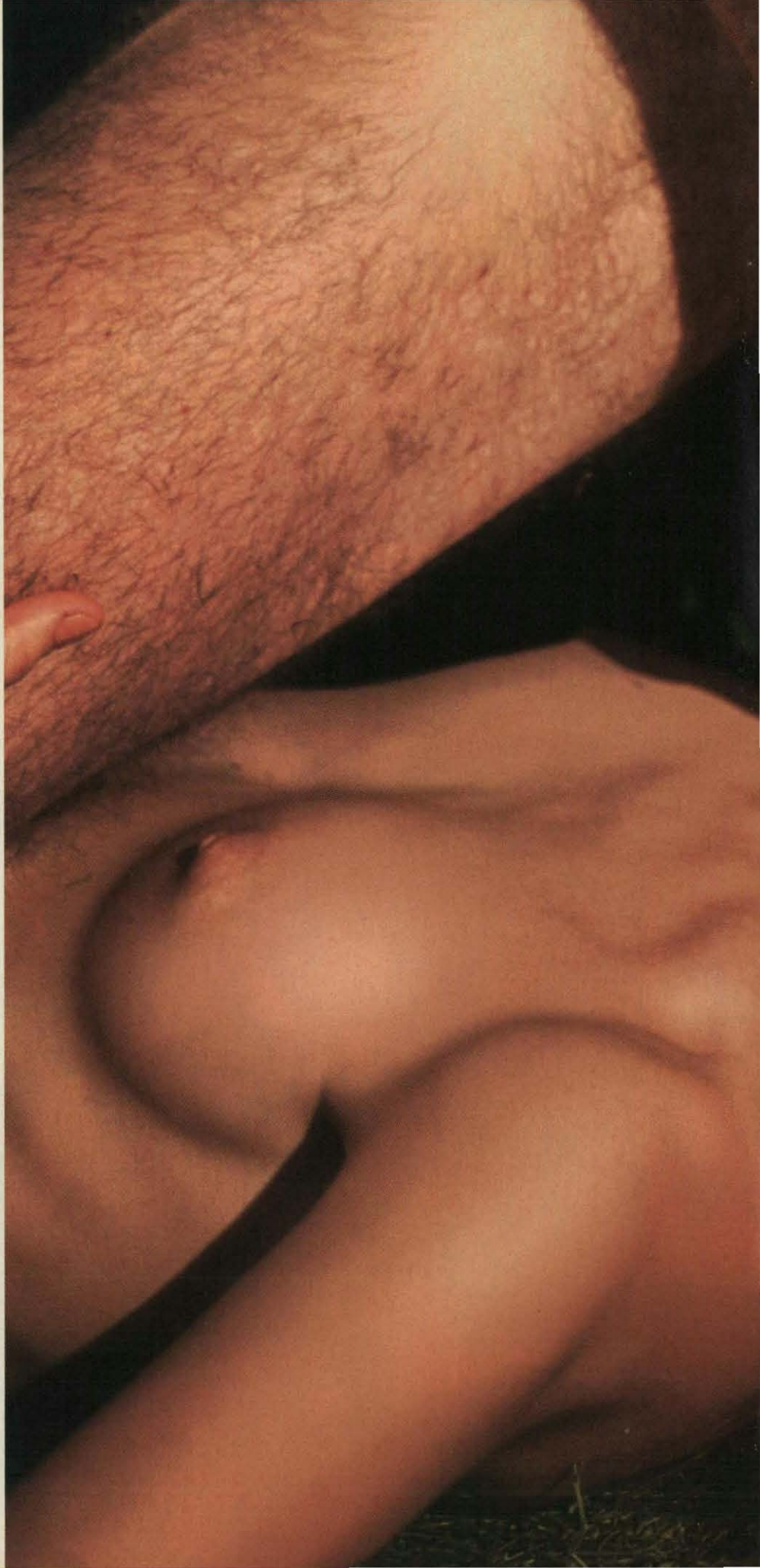
The two thespians made sure the crew had gone home, then put on their own private show. Steven and Katrina embarked on a detailed exploration of major acting techniques such as the clitoral cold reading, the backstage boner and the orgasmic audition.















The Broody Bunch: Sevendust (l-r, Clint Lowery, Vinnie Hornsby, Lajon Witherspoon, John Connolly and Morgan Rose) apparently get fined a dollar every time they smile.

SEVENDUST

Interview by Nancy B. Sayle

Sevendust know all about the concept of delayed gratification. After being signed to TVT Records in 1996, the Atlanta quintet began an exhaustive uphill climb that included a grueling 21-month road stint and culminated in their fiery performance at Woodstock '99, where they wowed the crowd of 350,000. From that point on, Sevendust has been one of the trendsetters of the latest hard-rock revival.

Sevendust (vocalist Lajon Witherspoon, drummer Morgan Rose, guitarists Clint Lowery and John Connolly, and bassist Vinnie Hornsby) continue to grow and produce fresh sounds. With their fourth full-length offering, *Seasons*, the five musicians show that they are no longer angry young men, delivering a more mature sound and vibe, but don't think for a second that they gave up their headbanger roots. **HUSTLER** spoke to Witherspoon about the band's continued evolution.

HUSTLER: How does *Seasons* differ from your previous albums?

WITHERSPOON: For me, it was definitely the most laid-back we've ever been. I think as far as Sevendust [goes], it's the best. I know we always say that, but each time, you grow more and more. This album shows the growth that we went through in our lives—like a season changes, a grown man changes, and each of us had changed. We're not all angry at the world anymore like when we were younger.

HUSTLER: Sevendust started in the angst-ridden music scene of 1996. How did your sound fit?

WITHERSPOON: I don't think it was as angry, but it was still coming from young men. You have your whole life to write your first album; so I think you put all those experiences, like being the adoles-

cent teenager going to school, coming home to hear your parents tell you what you can and can't do, into it. Like when you show up with a bad report card, you can't go out and you can't drive the car. You put all that into your first album. That second album, if you have a chance to do it, you start growing more. If you're smart, you don't always try to paint the same picture. By (2001's) *Animosity*, we were definitely writing about love and being true in our music.

HUSTLER: Who wrote the new material for

HUSTLER: Tell us about the process of producing the new album.

WITHERSPOON: Our last tour was the Cutty Sark Rock the Boat Tour. Trust Co., Finger Eleven and a few other bands were out there with us, and we decided to do another album at that time. We decided to do this fourth album in our hometown of Atlanta, which was a plus. At that time, we decided to work with Butch Walker. If you remember him, he's old school; he was the singer of SouthGang. He worked on our first demo, and to go

back home to him and to hear his ideas was refreshing. For me, working with a singer on an album was incredible. Then we went to Tampa to write—it's a good vibe there. We like Florida; it's cool and laid-back. We have a real good time there. Then we came back and covered the Marvin Gaye song "Inner City Blues." I love Marvin Gaye, and we put it on a Sevendust album.

HUSTLER: What's a day in the life of Lajon Witherspoon like?

WITHERSPOON: It's different now. Sevendust has definitely changed my life. I live

in a rural area in [Georgia's] Kennesaw Mountains, in a family-style neighborhood. I guess everyone knows the rock guy lives on the block. When they know I am home, all the kids set up their skateboard ramps in front of my house and do their trick-riding. It's like the Vans Warped Tour in front of my house. Another funny thing is what we call the "sightings." When I go to the mall and stop at Hot Topic, kids come out of nowhere. I am subject to a meet-and-greet at any given moment. There's never a time that I won't sign autographs. It's great. I live in a small town; so I tend to stand out. ☺



Seasons? Was it you, or a collaboration with the band?

WITHERSPOON: I think it would be foolish for our music to come from one person's point of view when we are all grown men and we deal with things differently as far as everyday things and relationships. If a cat in our band has something to say, we all listen. We've known each other long enough to definitely understand each other, because we are married to each other. I would be foolish to say, "I don't think that; that's how you feel. I'm only going to sing about how I feel and only how I feel." We try to keep things even. That is what has kept this band together for so long. We don't try to exclude or single out someone. Without us all, it's not going to get across anyway.

www.Sevendust.com

HUSTLER's Hot Wire

Brief Notes From the World of Rock

PINK FLOYD SHEDS LIGHT ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Floyd fans have yet another product to spend their "Money" on: Eagle Vision has released *The Dark Side of the Moon Classic Album DVD*. Extended interviews with band members Roger Waters, David Gilmour, Nick Mason and Richard Wright reveal how Pink Floyd created what many consider to be the ultimate concept album. The DVD also contains bonus footage of Waters performing acoustic versions of "Brain Damage."

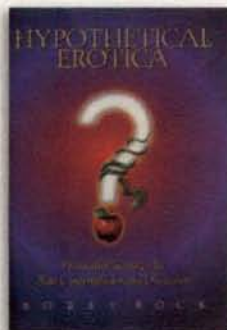


VINNIE VINCENT INVASION DRUMMER TURNS AUTHOR

Drummer Bobby Rock (Vinnie Vincent Invasion, Nelson and Nitro) has come up with an interesting nighttime read. *Hypothetical Erotica*, best described as a conversational party book, features 25 different "provocative scenarios for your contemplation and discussion." In one of the tome's hypothetical situations, the reader must decide whether he'd rather fuck an ugly woman or receive a blowjob from a transvestite.

What would you do? *Hypothetical Erotica* comes with a 70-minute CD in which Bobby reads each scenario.

Available at many bookstores, or go to www.Hypos.com.



WARRANT FRONTMAN GOES SOLO

Best known for his top-ten hits with Warrant (e.g., "Heaven," "Cherry Pie" and "I Saw Red"), singer Jani Lane takes a novel approach with *Back Down to One*, his solo effort on Z Records. With songs such as "6 Feet Under" and "Better Than You," *Back Down to One* sounds more like T. Rex than Warrant. "Back in the day, Orange County [California] had a whole vibe of its own. My album reflects that time in what I call Orange County pop punk. Each song is from personal experiences and is about people in my life, without naming names."

To order this CD, go to www.nehRecords.com.



FROM THE LAND DOWN UNDER



Reprise Records will release Australian neopunks The Living End's CD *Modern Artillery* sometime in early 2004. With their new tracks "Who's Gonna Save Us" and "Rising Up From the Ashes," the fiery trio—Scott Owen (bass, vocals), Chris Cheney (guitar, vocals) and Andy Stachan (drums)—will wow audiences on their upcoming U.S. tour. The music, featuring fresh, classic grooves mixed with punk overtones, is best described as Green Day meets the Stray Cats.

For updates on the exact release date of *Modern Artillery* and more band information, click to www.TheLivingEnd.com.au.

NEWS



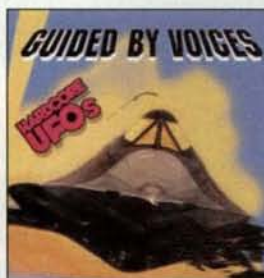
The world lost a giant of the music industry on August 21, when 6-5, 300-plus-pound Wesley Willis passed away following a struggle with chronic myelogenous leukemia. He was 40. Willis, an often-homeless schizophrenic from Chicago, released more than 50 bizarrely hilarious, profanity-drenched and sometimes disturbing albums over the past decade. His songs, primarily written with preset keyboard arrangements, paid homage to his favorite bands, delivered antimullet rants and espoused on any number of cultural phenomena. What Willis lacked in technique he made up for in enthusiasm, and he often greeted fans with a friendly head-butt. Hopefully Wesley knocked noggins with Saint Peter on his way through the Pearly Gates. A posthumous release, *Greatest Hits Volume 3*, was issued by Alternative Tentacles in October.

Phish bassist Mike Gordon was

arrested for endangering the welfare of a minor following an August 11 incident at New York's Jones Beach Theater. While attending a concert by Grateful Dead remnants, the Dead, Gordon allegedly led a nine-year-old girl to an isolated area behind the theater at approximately 1 a.m. in order to take "art photos" of the tot. The child, incidentally, is the daughter of a Hell's Angel who was also at the concert. It is not yet known whether Gordon will face an additional charge of being a complete and utter dipshit.



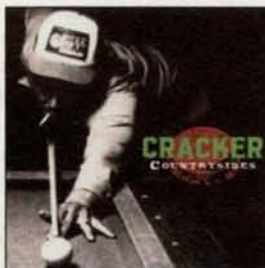
REVIEWS



Guided By Voices Hardcore UFOs: Revelations, Epiphanies and Fast Food in the Western Hemisphere (Matador)

This box set from Dayton, Ohio, classic-rock revivalist oddballs GBV is a collector's wet dream. The five-disc set is full of B-sides, out-of-print singles, previously unreleased live material, and various bonus and compilation tracks. An expanded version of the *Watch Me Jumpstart* documentary and seven music videos are also included. The greatest-hits disc boasts such classics as "Cut-Out Witch," "Glad Girls" and "Exit Flagler."

Three of the CDs contain over 30 songs. The *Live at the Wheelchair Races* disc (concerts from 1995-2002) captures the lads in various states of sobriety, but delivering memorable performances.



Cracker Countrysides (iMusic)

The songs on Cracker's latest effort, *Countrysides*, were developed under the pseudonym Ironie Mullet, the band name they used while traveling the country playing roadhouses and honky-tonks. The result is a stripped-down record that fuses alt-country twangs with power-pop hooks. Included is a bonus Quicktime movie documenting their label woes and the inspiration behind their subsequent tour.

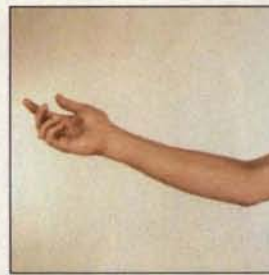
South With the Tides (Kinetic)

British trio South has traded in their shoe-gazer ethos in favor of a less dense and precious sound on their follow-up to last year's *From Here On In*. *With the Tides* contains catchy, electrically charged, symphonic attacks that hit like a punch to the throat, alongside meandering, moody ballads to form a record that can't help but pull you in.



Spiritualized Amazing Grace (Spaceman Records/ Sanctuary)

Spiritualized frontman Jason Pierce loaded 2001's *Let it come down* with an orchestra and chorale group; this time, he took his inspiration from the White Stripes. *Amazing Grace* opens with "This Little Life of Mine," a tidal wave of blissful, primitive cacophony. "She Kissed Me (It Felt Like a Hit)," with its strangled, noisy guitar, sounds like an outtake from The Stooges' *Raw Power*. By album's end, Pierce is more subdued but no less effective, delivering the beautifully downbeat, faux-gospel "Lay It Down Slow." If church were actually this rewarding, we'd consider attending.



GRATUITOUS COOZE

Readers, say hello to Jacki-O. According to her record label, this "first lady of hip-hop" is "a multi-talented actress, writer, producer, rapper and singer." We're further told that she is "intellectual and infused with a sexual strength." The only thing we can say for certain is that she makes our pants fit funny.



Rock 'n' Roll Spotlight

JET

Disco still sucks, as Aussie rockers Jet are quick to remind us with their track "Rollover DJ" from their full-length debut *Get Born*. Firmly aligned with rockers AC/DC, the Rolling Stones and the Beatles—the band took its name from Paul McCartney's 1973 Wings single—Jet has no patience for the mindless beat-pap passing for music in the clubs. Frontman/guitarist Cameron Muncy would "rather be fucking down at the pub to be honest with you, man. It's all glitz and no soul, and the people into dance music are into drugs and dancing rather than the actual music."

Jet's "actual music" is as loose, raw and primitive as their classic-rock forebears, with some contemporary production nods. Frantic, high-energy tracks such as "Get What You Need" and "Get Me Outta Here" sound equal parts Ramones and Stones.

In fact, Jet garnered the coveted opening slot for the Rolling Stones' most recent Australian tour, on which they rubbed elbows with Mick and company. "Ron Wood is my hero," exclaims Nic Cester (vocals, guitar). Apropos of their idols' aviation excess (see Robert Frank's *Cocksucker Blues* documentary), Jet has its own Mile High Club for hard-core fans. For now, joining is a simple matter of pointing and clicking on the band's Web site. But as the band's star continues to rise, other duties may be involved. Given the reckless sex appeal of Jet, if the young girls aren't already on their knees, they will be soon.

For more on Jet, go to www.JetTheBand.com.



DIFFUSER

Listening to Diffuser's second Hollywood Records release, *Making the Grade*, you might think you've heard this before, and lots of it. The band is adept at churning out the same hook-filled, radio-friendly punk-power-pop as their peers Hoobastank or Simple Plan. But there can never be too much of a good thing.

Core members Tomas Costanza (lead singer, guitar) and Anthony Cangelosi (guitar) have been at it since 1994, and the band has undergone personnel changes as well as a name makeover. (They used to be called Flu13, not to be confused with Sum 41 or Blink 182.) While Diffuser follows a tried-and-true rock formula, they're extremely good at it. The Long Island four-piece maintains the high energy, melodic structure and cranked amplification needed for moshing in the pit or thumbing an Xbox controller. (Fittingly, the band's song "Get It On" is featured in the *Outlaw Volleyball* video game.)

Thrilled at the prospect of appearing in America's Magazine, Costanza admits to being a dedicated pud-puller. "I am a big fan of porn. I love HUSTLER. When I am horny, I grab HUSTLER and do my business." Which ultimately may lead the band to another name change. Self-Abuser? Left-Hand User? Automanual Splooger? Stay tuned.

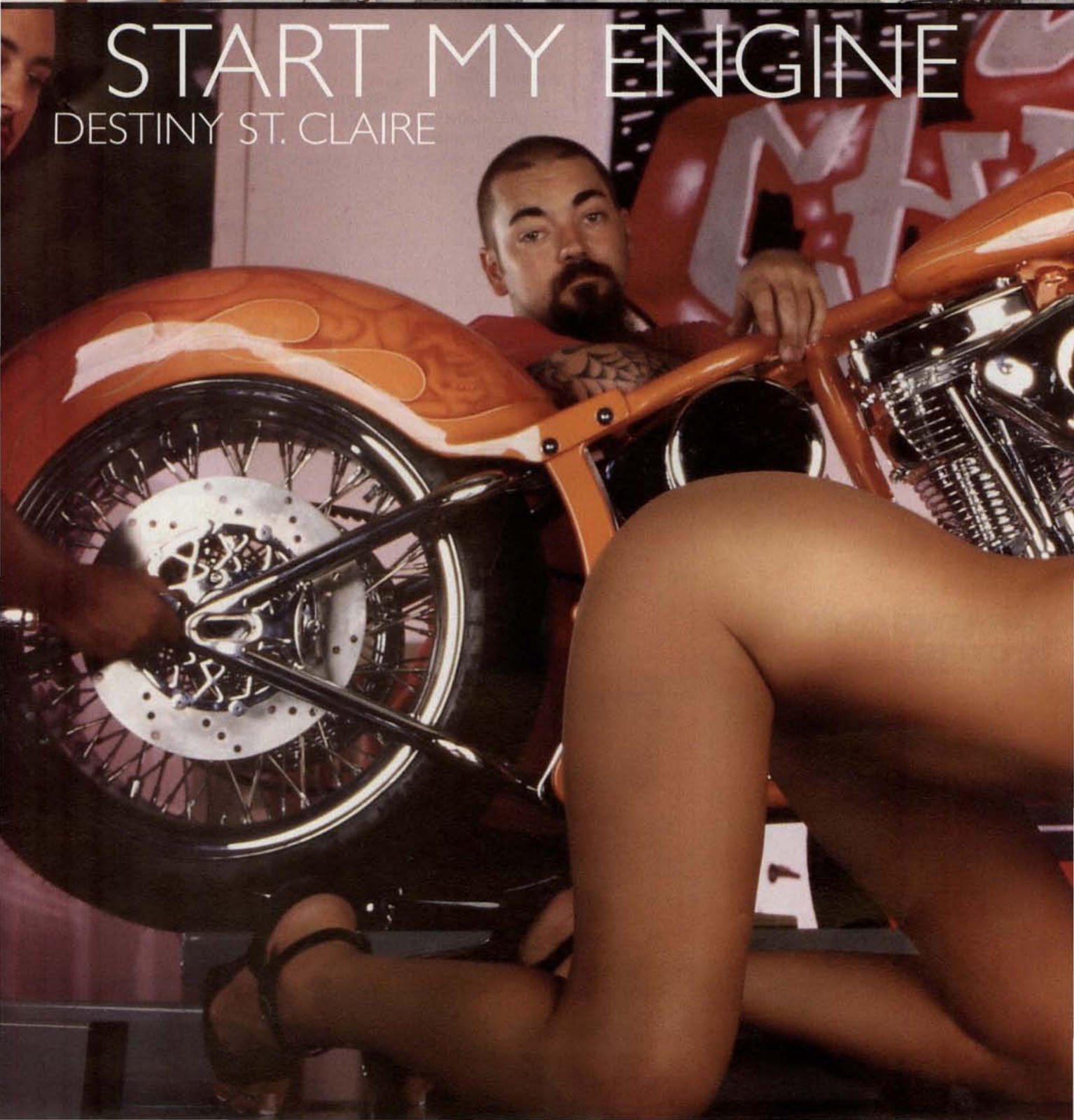


To check up on the present state of Diffuser, go to www.HollywoodRecords.com.



START MY ENGINE

DESTINY ST. CLAIRE





PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO



Destiny hails from Cleveland, where she says she lost her virginity in the church baptismal fountain. "It was on a dare at the Catholic school I went to," she laughs.





The 19-year-old nymphet's parents never found out about that incident, much like they had no idea she was working as a stripper during her senior year of high school. "I started dancing when I was 17, with a fake ID. I told my parents I worked at a country club as a cocktail waitress," she winks.







A woman with dark hair and heavy eye makeup is shown from the back, wearing a red motorcycle jacket and chaps. She is leaning forward, with her hands on her hips, in a dark, industrial setting with metallic structures and a bright light source in the background.

These days Destiny resides in Las Vegas and is pursuing a career in porn, but her parents are once again in the dark. "They think that I work the conventions as a hostess," the devious babe grins. "They just believe I'm diligent."

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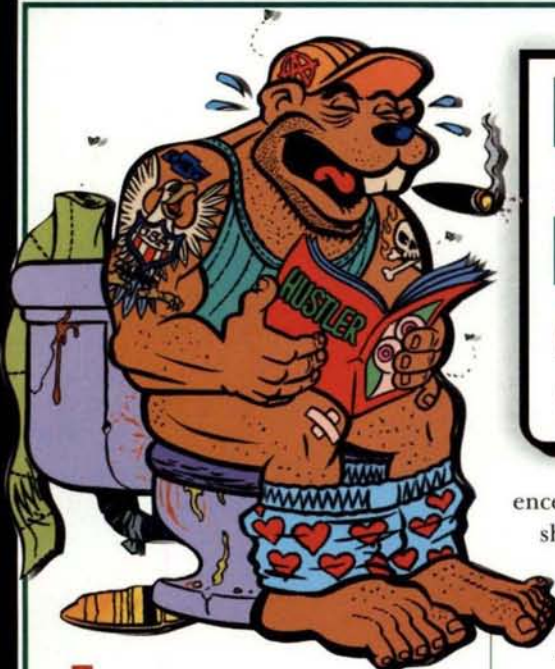
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Hop on this!
xoxo, Destiny





Question: How are blondes like cow pies?
Answer: The older they get, the easier they are to pick up.

A devoted husband for more than 40 years, Frank passed away in his sleep one night with his wife by his side.

Several months later, his spouse went to a spirit medium to get in touch with him. When the spiritualist conjured up old Frank, his widow inquired, "How are you?"

"I'm doing fine," Frank replied.

"Are you as happy there as you were here with me?" she asked.

"Oh, much happier!" exclaimed Frank.

"Tell me," his wife pried, "what's it really like up in heaven?"

"Well, for one thing," Frank contemplated, "I hear it's not as hot."

Question: How is marriage like a tornado?

Answer: There's a lot of blowing at first, and then you lose your house.

John and Jill were about to go into John's apartment, but before he could open his door, Jill said, "Wait a minute; I can tell how a man makes love by how he unlocks his door."

"Okay, give me some examples," John said.

"Well, if a guy shoves his key into the lock and opens the door hard, that means he is a rough lover, and that isn't for me," Jill informed him.

"Another thing is if a man fumbles around and can't seem to find the hole, it means that he is inexperienced,

and that's not for me either," she added.

Then Jill asked, "Honey, how do you unlock your door?"

"Well, first," said John, "before I do anything else, I lick the lock."

One day a teacher had a taste test with her students. She picked a little girl to do the first test. The instructor blindfolded the lass, put a Hershey's Kiss in her mouth and asked, "Do you know what it is?"

"No, I don't," said the little girl.

"Okay, I'll give you a clue," the schoolmarm offered. "It's the thing your daddy wants from your mom before he goes to work."

Suddenly, little Larry at the back of the room yelled, "Spit it out! It's a piece of ass!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *peanut* as: a fan of golden showers.

A teenage girl brought her new boyfriend home to meet her parents. They were appalled by his leather jacket, motorcycle boots, tattoos and multiple piercings.

Later, the parents pulled their daughter aside and confessed their concern.

"Dear," the mother protested, "he doesn't seem very nice."

"Oh, please, mom," the daughter replied. "If he wasn't nice, why would he be doing 500 hours of community service?"

A 75-year-old man went to his doctor's office to get a sperm count. The medico gave the man a jar and said,

"Take this receptacle home, and bring a sample in tomorrow."

The next day the old man returned to the practitioner's office with the jar, which was as clean and empty as it was the day before.

The doctor asked what happened, and the man explained, "Well, doc, it's like this: First I tried with my right hand, but nothing; then I tried with my left hand, but still nothing."

"Then I asked my wife for help," the man continued. "She tried with her right hand, but nothing; then her left, but nothing. She even tried with her mouth—first with her teeth in, then with her teeth out, and still nothing," the man explained.

"We finally called up the lady next door, and she tried with both hands and her mouth too, but nothing."

"You asked your neighbor?" the doc wondered incredulously.

"Yep," the old man replied, "but no matter what we tried, we couldn't get the darn jar open."

Bert and Ernie were walking down the street in San Francisco when they spotted a stud muffin coming their way.

"I slept with that guy," Bert whispered. "He was such a great lay."

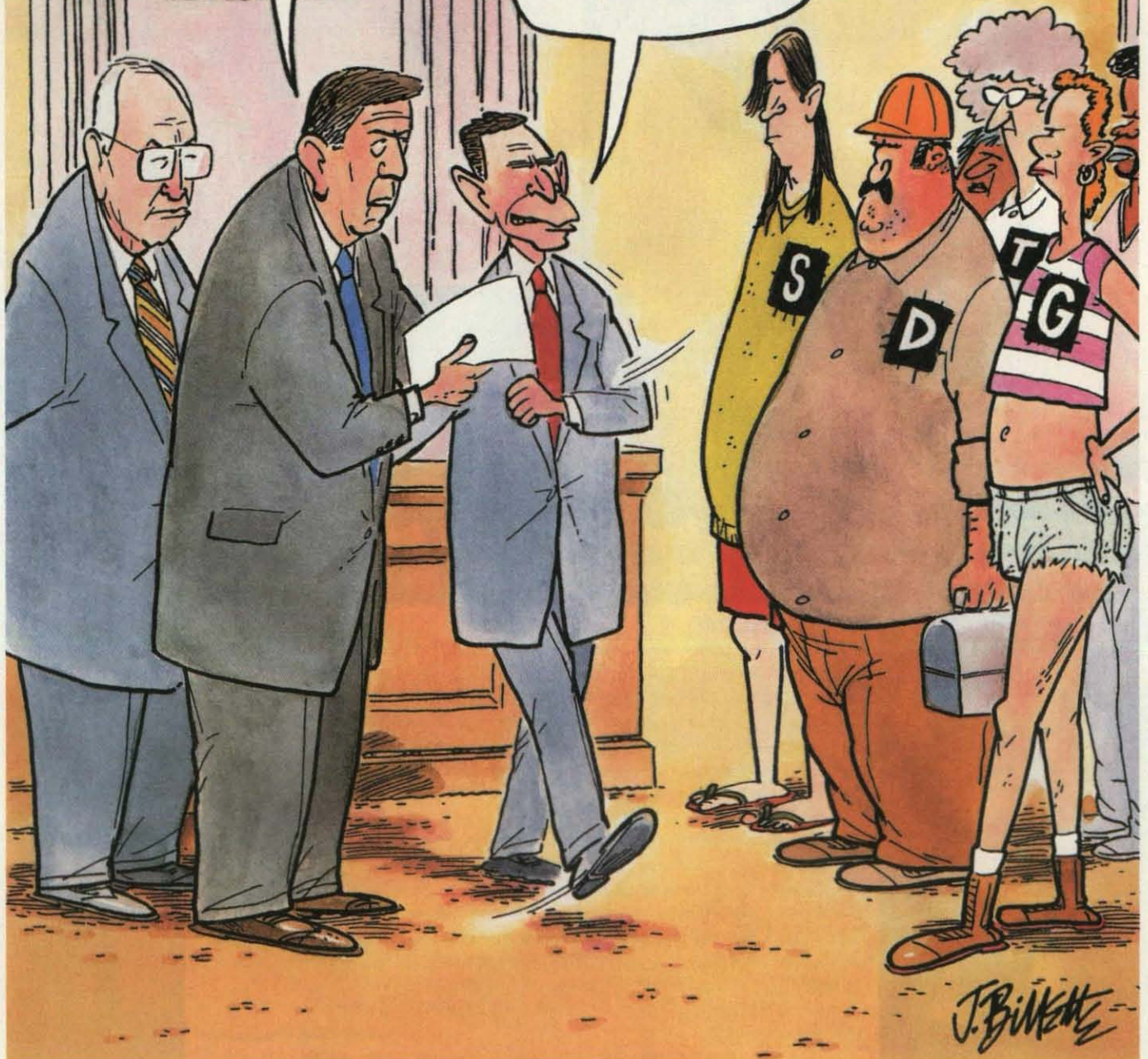
"No shit?" Ernie exclaimed.

"Well, only a little," said Bert.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

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PROFESSORS, STUDENTS, ACTORS, MINORITIES, FEMINISTS
AND OTHER DANGEROUS SUBVERSIVE TYPES TO WEAR
AN IDENTIFYING CLOTHING PATCH AT ALL TIMES.

I LIKE IT!



Brown ★ ★ ★ Sugar All-Stars



Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTaste.com

MIDORI

Known to many as the younger sister of British pop star Jody Watley (and former squeeze of Kid Rock), Midori entered porn in 1996. After a stint dancing alongside Kitten and Houston prior to their porn careers, Midori was ushered into the business by Julian St. Jox, who co-starred in the majority of Midori's early scenes.

Fans quickly connected with her naughty 'n' nice appeal. "I'm kinda like the girl next door, but once you get me in the bedroom, I'm the nastiest little—well, you know..." she giggles.

Midori slowed her pace after her recent marriage. "My husband isn't in the business; so there's been some problems," she says. Of her 103 movies, only a handful have been shot in the past three years. While not officially retired, Midori's interests have diversified. "I'm working on my Web site, and trying to combine my music and porn careers together," says the 35-year-old actress.

www.xxxMidori.com



Photo Courtesy of Regent Ayles

"Black actresses had to fight for everything they got," recalls XXX veteran Ebony Ayes, a porn pioneer who entered the smut industry in the mid-'80s, when there were only a few black chicks on the blue screen. "The only way a black actress got any respect in the industry was after she had a solid fan base, and it was only a handful of black actresses in the industry that could demand a certain amount of respect." Testify, Ebony.

It took the industry a while to realize that black is beautiful; many black porn actresses feel that the jizz biz is still segregated. **HUSTLER**, in our longstanding tradition of equal-opportunity perversion, honors the ten sexiest African-American adult-film actresses ever.

HUSTLER looks at the Top 10 hottest black porn thespians of all time.

Report by Tom Farrell

JEANNIE PEPPER

In the beginning, there was Jeannie Pepper, the Rosa Parks of porn. Pepper got her start as a nude model for **HUSTLER** in 1982. After two years of magazine work, the dusky enchantress entered the adult-film world. Her debut, *Black Taboo*, featured the industry's first all-black cast. Pepper considers it one of her career highlights. "That's why I got into the business," says Pepper from her home in Los Angeles, "because there weren't any women of color."

Pepper's film career was launched in a day when porn and the police mixed like vibrators and nitroglycerine. "We'd find out the night before about the location, and we'd have to meet somewhere at a gas station or restaurant, and then they'd tell us where the location was," remembers Pepper. "That's what made it fun, exciting and kind of dangerous."

Pepper's film career lasted nearly two decades and 200 films. "I've had Queen Latifah and Tupac tell me they've watched me since they were 15 years old," beams Pepper, now 45. "It feels so good that they look up to me that way, because I kind of grew up with the music myself."

Currently, Pepper is semiretired, appearing in only a handful of movies in the past three years.

www.JeanniePepper.com



Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTaste.com



Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTaste.com



EBONY AYES

With her huge, natural breasts, wide eyes and thick mane of hair, Ebony Ayes was an immediate hit with XXX filmgoers. Her movies, in fact, are still treasured by the many fans that have organized Internet clubs in her honor.

Like many porn actresses, Ayes started her career on the bump-and-grind circuit. "My best friend from high school and I were approached while we were dancers at a strip club," Ayes recalls. "She dared me, and we both went to check it out; and, as they say, the rest is history."

Ayes's history, however, was a brief one, lasting a mere few years, from 1986 to 1989. During that time, she made 155 films, nearly a quarter of which were nonsex roles in wrestling and domination fantasy flicks.

In 1989, Ayes retired. "It was time for me to get out," she recalls. "I had done all I could do in the industry, plus AIDS was becoming a big problem at large. I didn't want to take the chance." Ayes, now 41, moved to Atlanta, where she works as a professional dominatrix.



HEATHER HUNTER

Considered one of the most glamorous black porn stars of her day, Heather Hunter moved at a leisurely pace, doing a scant 64 movies from her 1988 debut to 2001, when she officially retired. "I always had that idea that if you give them less, they want you more," she says. "I didn't want to lose my specialness."

Hunter's "specialness" was the doe-eyed, classy visage and waifish figure that made her a big hit with adult filmgoers. The Bronx, New York-born Hunter started out at the tender age of 18, doing just two movies her first year. For the next few years, Hunter lit up the screen under exclusive contract for Vivid. "I got into the adult-entertainment business because I was young and exploring my sexuality, and I was loving every minute of it," says Hunter, laughing. "The best part was all the people I got to fuck!"

In the mid-'90s, Hunter went into semiretirement—until a brief return at the end of the decade—and focused on her original passions: rap music and painting. Hunter, 34, recently became the first black actress to be inducted into the Adult Film Star Hall of Fame. "It was nice to be recognized for all the work I've done in the adult-film industry and to be proud to say that I did it with no regrets."

www.HeatherHunter.com



JANET JACME

"People ask me who my best scenes were with, and I have to tell them, it's Janet," says black woodsman Julian St. Jox, who brought Jacme into the adult-film fold. "Janet always put out 110%, and you could see that miles away. You could hear that miles away too!"

Widely regarded as one of the blue screen's wildest sexual athletes, Jacme started in the biz in 1992 and made 180 of her 200 flicks in the first four years of her career, working predominantly for Video Team/Afrocentric and Heatwave. In 1996, Jacme slowed her pace to a virtual standstill, and over the next few years, fewer than 20 Janet Jacme films hit the shelves. By this time, her mark on porn was indelible, as talk of Jacme's wild sexual attitude became the subject of rap lyrics and water-cooler conversation. "She's got the best ass; forget the rest," says Death Row Records rapper Crooked I.

"She got it. She suck a mean dick," echoes Diplomats' rapper Juelz Santana, commenting on Jacme's status as the ultimate head queen of the black-porn-starlet scene.

"I don't know what the appeal is," Jacme laughs. "It's probably that I forget the camera is there, and I'm just having sex, and maybe people see that I'm having a good time." Jacme, 36, recently shot a handful of new movies, and is very active on the dance circuit, particularly in the South, where she resides.

www.JacmeJanet.com





CHAMPAGNE

Certainly one of the prettiest porn starlets, Champagne Pendavis started doing magazine layouts and adult movies in 1993, immediately raising eyebrows and other body parts with her soft, good looks.

Prior to her adult-film work, Champagne worked a day job as a secretary in New York City. "I had an offer to do some nude modeling, which I did, then I got into dancing, then into doing movies," she says. Champagne's movie career spanned exactly 100 titles, mostly for Heatwave.

Around 1999, Champagne, now 33, began to wind up her screen career, and in 2000, only five movies featuring the mahogany-hued stunner were released. "It was time to get out," she says. "I really slowed down my movie-making and got back into dancing."

Photo Courtesy of www.Hustler.com



Photo Courtesy of www.Hustler.com

SPANTANEOUS XTASTY

Armed with a 55FF-24-36 figure, Fu Manchu fingernails and a set of tattoos a biker would envy, Spantaneous Xtasty started in porn films in 1995 as an aside from her fledgling rap career, churning out picture after picture, mainly for Heatwave. Xtasty claims to have racked up a staggering 350 movies by 1998, and her popularity grew in leaps and bounds, along with her bust size.

Later that year, Xtasty filmed her crowning achievement, an all-day gang-bang featuring 551 participants. The film would mark her retirement, and like many retired porn stars, Xtasty took to the financially rewarding strip-club circuit. "I decided it was time to hit the road and perform, and my fans were asking me when I was coming to town," she says.

In addition to stripping, the award-winning porn star is returning to her rap roots. "I invested my money into my own record label, Xtasty Records. I'm the CEO and entrepreneur," she smiles. "I'm actually in college even as we speak to get my Associate degree in business; so I'll be a businesswoman, but still a porno babe!"



INDIA

Beautiful, sleek India got her start in porn in 1997, only a year and a half after she lost her virginity at the age of 19. As a matter of fact, the first time she went down on a man was while shooting a porn scene.

"I never gave a blowjob, until I did it on camera," the willowy, heavy-lidded knockout divulges. "One day, I was watching [the] Playboy [channel], and they had some girl explaining how to go down on a guy. She gave lessons, and I wrote down some notes!"

India is still actively doing movies, although her former average of about 20 a year has come down a bit. "I'm doing my music, doing my movies, still with Video Team, of course, and doing my Web site, www.IndiasPlayhouse.com."

Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTeam.com





Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com

KITTEN

With her Gene Simmons-like tongue, unabashed approach to hard-core sex and street-cool attitude, Kitten has earned a spot in the VCRs of porn fans of every race. Since her 1996 debut, Kitten has banged out nearly 200 films, mainly for black-porn stalwarts Heatwave and Video Team/Afrocentric.

The 28-year-old video vixen chalks up her appeal to her "keeping it real" attitude. "From what I've heard from my fans, they say that when they meet me, I'm down-to-earth, but when they see me on camera, I'm really raw," she explains.

Like Midori, Kitten has cut down on her screen work considerably in the last two years, taking time off for marriage and family. Their gain is our loss.



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com

DOMONIQUE SIMONE

Logging nearly 300 titles in her decade-long career, Domonique Simone was one of the first true workhorses in the black-porn-starlet field. The Atlanta native entered the biz in 1990 at the age of 19, armed with a commanding presence that earned her an immediate and vocal fan base. "I like the way she fucks. She got a really cool style," touts Juelz Santana, who counts himself among Simone's fans.

Occasionally resurfacing in adult movies, Simone has eased into the lucrative dance circuit. "I like it," says Simone, 32, in her husky voice. "It gives me a chance to connect with my fans."



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com



Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTeam.com



"Come in, pal. It's okay to sort of, kind of agree with some shit Bill O'Reilly spews on TV once in a great while."

Beaver Hunt



#1 Victoria ★

Victoria, 48, is from New York. The retro-looking secretary's hobbies include photography, sewing and needle crafts. Her fantasy fuck is to "have several men force themselves on me."
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#2 Jolene ★

A 23-year-old actress from Wooster, Ohio, Jolene admits to a proclivity for reading, exercising and sucking cock. This gal's sexual fantasy is to "date and fuck two guys at the same time."
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

#3 Donna ★



Donna of Castroville, Texas, is an insurance agent with a stuffed animal collection. The 19-year-old self-professed shopping and tanning nut can't wait to "eat out Jenna Jameson while my husband watches."
—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#4 Crystal ★

Akron, Ohio's Crystal is quite the tigress. The 22-year-old blond beauty's hobbies include traveling, rollerblading, camping and boating. "Passionate, hot sex in the middle of an open field during a storm" is what gets this gal's motor purring.

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#5 Melissa ★

Eureka, California's own Melissa, 22, is an especially industrious Beaver. Besides creating her own patchwork designs utilizing animal pelts, the wiry-haired maiden's hobbies include looking at HUSTLER. Her unfulfilled carnal desire is to "get it on with my boyfriend and another girl."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS WIN \$5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2004 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a few clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$350 and a chance at the 2004 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$350 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Contest not open to residents of Arizona. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City

State

Zip

Personal e-mail address

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$350 for photographs or \$500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Beaver Hunt



#6 Talon

Talon, 26, is from Killeen, Texas. Her favorite outdoor activities consist of fishing, riding horses and working on cars. Talon lists "sex in an F-16 Tomcat" and making love while "being covered in baby oil in a kiddie pool" as her fantasy.

—Photo by Friend

This suds-lovin' stunner is Jaynynn, 23, a bartender from Virginia Beach, Virginia. Aside from water sports, the freshly scrubbed vixen enjoys dancing, talking to friends and fucking her husband. Her mind remains firmly fixated on "having sex with another woman while my husband watches."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#7 Miranda

Miranda, a bronze-skinned 25-year-old from St. Paul, Minnesota, remains a mystery to us. Although she was not forthcoming regarding her hobbies and sexual fantasies, we choose to believe that a flight out to meet the HUSTLER editorial staff is near the top of her list.

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#8 Jaynynn

Beaver Hunt



#9 Melissa ★

Restoring her 1976 Camaro and making homemade porn movies are just a few of 32-year-old Melissa's talents. The soon-to-be grandmother from Manchester, Pennsylvania, looks forward to "a good, wicked night of hardcore sex with my husband while he slaps my ass."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#10 Shelly ★

Orlando, Florida, is home to Shelly, a 21-year-old convenience-store clerk. This redheaded lass reveals that sucking cock and getting fucked by strangers are just a few of her favorite pastimes. Her carnal desire is twofold: "being in *Beaver Hunt* so men can jack off to me, as well as fucking three guys in front of my boyfriend and having them come in my mouth (I've done it once)."

—Photo by Boyfriend

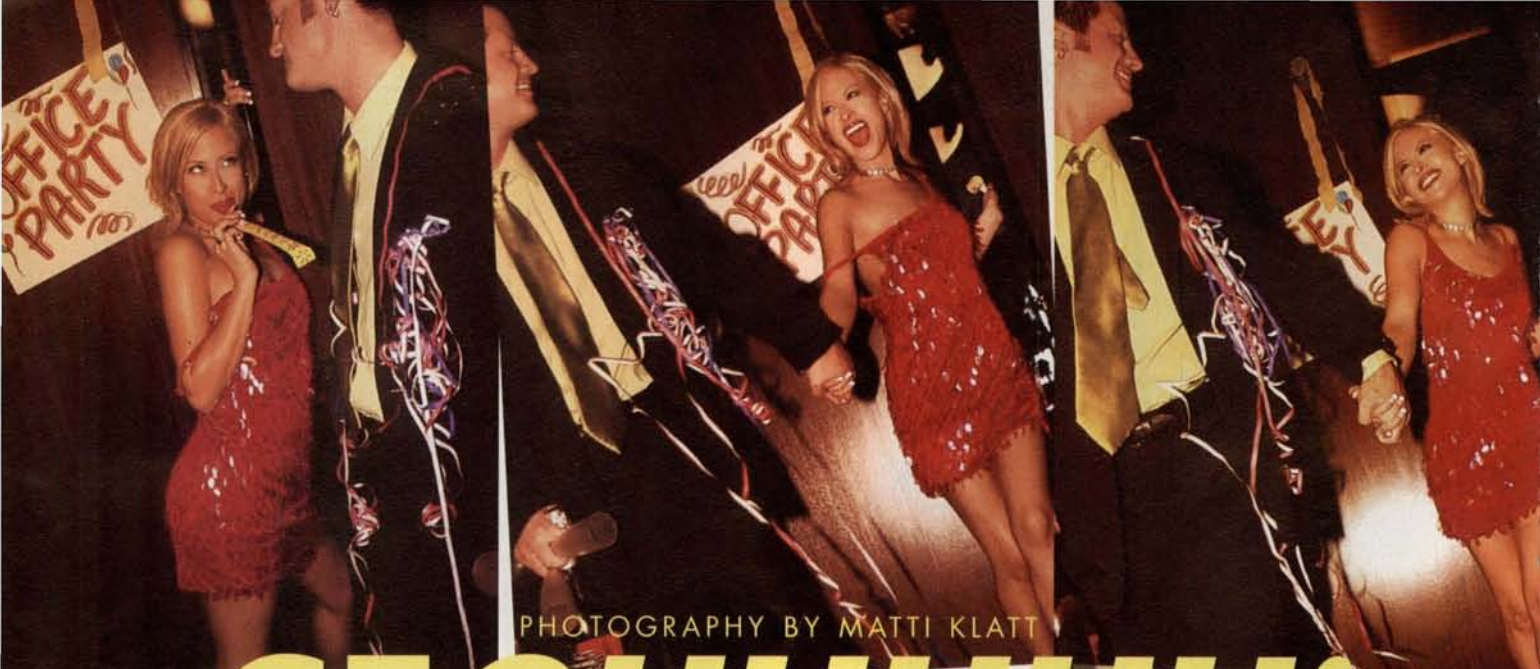
Beaver Hunt



#11 Heather ★

Heather, 28, is a registered nurse from San Diego who digs nude sunbathing, swimming, camping and having sex. Her ideal fuck would involve "having a threesome with my husband on film."

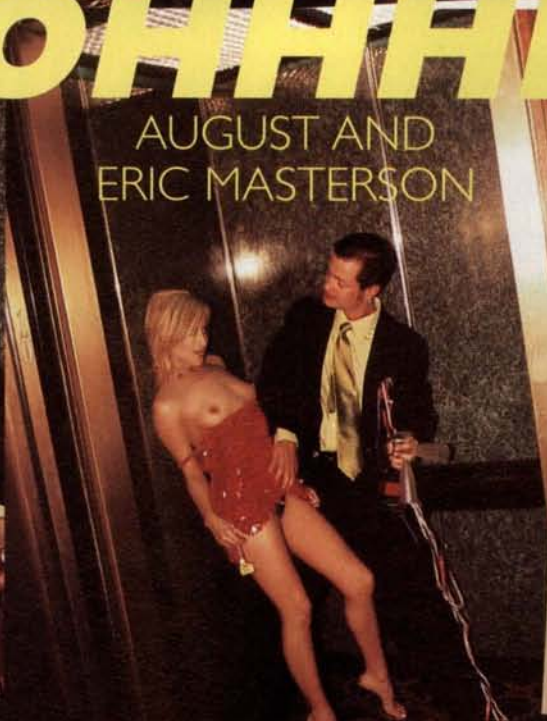
—Photo by Husband



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

СЕОННННН!

AUGUST AND
ERIC MASTERSON





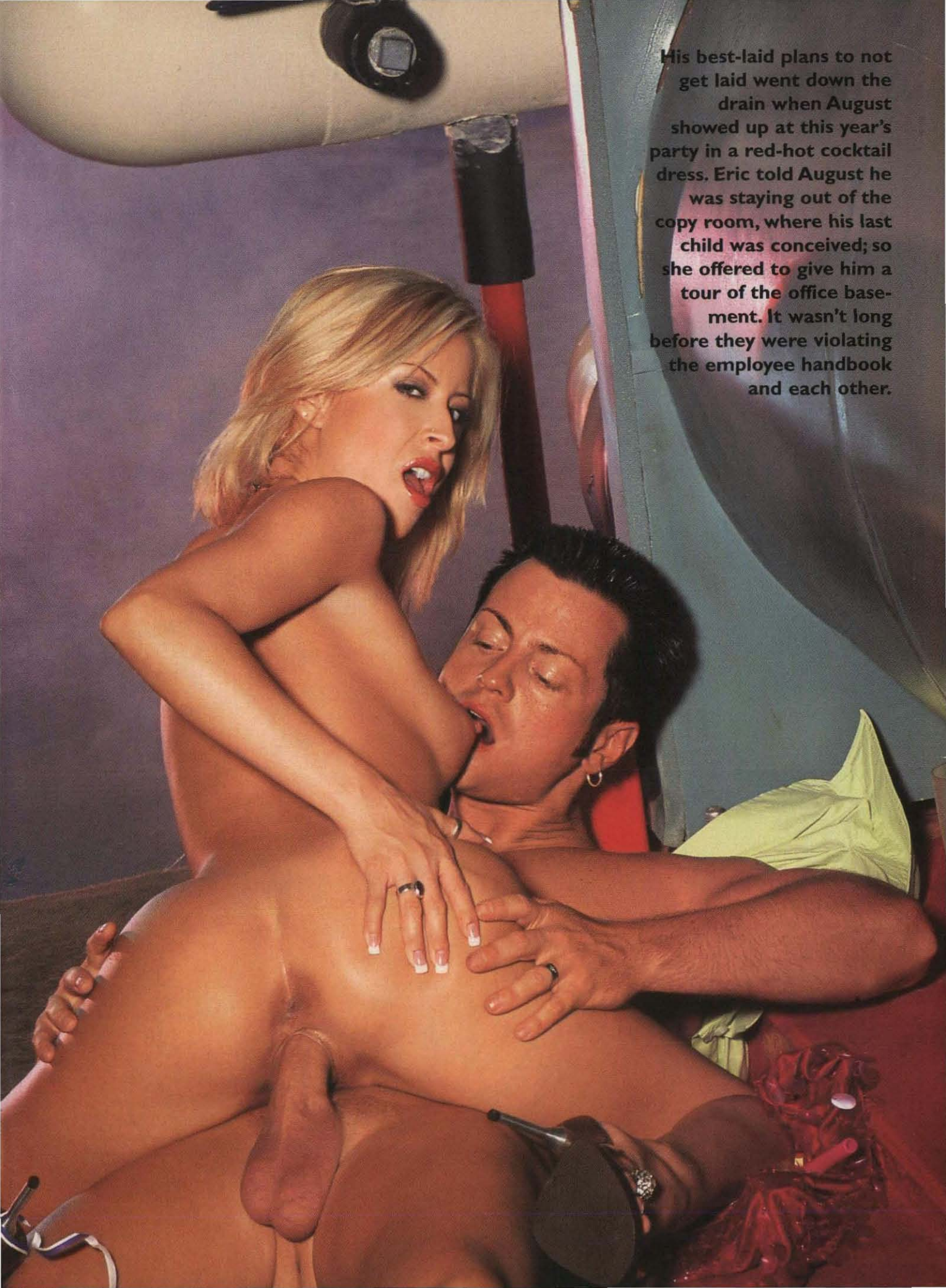
Office party: two words that have disaster written all over them. After having a few too many drinks last year, Eric knocked up a co-worker, lost his wife and gained child support payments for the next 18 years; so the executive horndog was determined not to let that happen again.







His best-laid plans to not get laid went down the drain when August showed up at this year's party in a red-hot cocktail dress. Eric told August he was staying out of the copy room, where his last child was conceived; so she offered to give him a tour of the office basement. It wasn't long before they were violating the employee handbook and each other.







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BIKERS, BABES AND B



Photos by Carolyn Sinclair

A born-to-be-wild female HUSTLER reporter hits the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally on a quest to become the ultimate biker bitch.

High on the Hog With Carolyn Sinclair

At the crowded bar in the notorious Full Throttle Saloon—the largest biker bar in America—I meet David “Big Popa” Hunt. In less than three minutes, he’s given me photos of his naked wife playing with a dildo. Only afterward do I tell him I’m on assignment from HUSTLER to dig up the debauchery at Sturgis, the largest motorcycle rally in the world. I don’t know if Big Popa believes me, but he chuckles and hands over additional photos that include one of a midget rabidly biting at the midriff of a tall blonde. From across the bar, a rotund, leering drunk calls me over to sit with him. His shirt reads: EVER RIDE A FAT BOY? WANT TO?

The annual Sturgis Motorcycle Rally is a mecca, where weekend warriors and die-hards alike congregate to celebrate their love for riding on two wheels.

Every August, the sleepy town of Sturgis, South Dakota, becomes loud, beer-addled and leather-clad, when half a million bike enthusiasts descend upon the Black Hills region. The tradition goes back to 1938, when Clarence “Pappy” Hoel, an Indian brand motorcycle dealer and the president of the Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club,

teamed up with the Sturgis Chamber of Commerce to host the American Motorcyclist Association races. An estimated 50 bikers gathered and rode up to Mount Rushmore, and another 800 or so attended the unofficial weekend events. Since then, the crowd has boomed—last year, an estimated 450,000 attended—and the unofficial festivities have eclipsed the touring rides.

My intention is to find the surliest, burliest biker and become his bitch for a few days. Short of body modification, I want to plunge into the backseat-biker-bitch lifestyle to see what bikers see and party where they party.

Every street in Sturgis is a parade of colorful characters including biker babes, mullet-rocking men, jocks, cowboys and grizzled dudes who look recently paroled. Most every one of them is atop a chromed-out Harley-Davidson, and the noise of growling pipes inspires a throbbing headache.

Amid the cacophony, I seek the right biker to adopt me. I decide to give preference to those in gangs.

ARE BOOBS

Carolyn Does Sturgis



freelance bitchery.

The saloon is situated in a sea of glinting chrome, at the end of a procession of single headlights stretched to the big-sky horizon. The bikes just keep coming. Inside the crowded saloon there are 15 bars, a burn-out pit for "tire-smoking," droolworthy bartender babes wearing hotpants or less, multiple stages and a mechanical bull.

I have reached biker nirvana.

Standing along the main bar, I'm sizing up potential candidates when I strike up a conversation with Swede Carlson, an affable biker from Delta, Colorado. I tell him and his buds about my intentions of finding a biker gangster daddy. They laugh and snort, and Carlson buys me a vodka and soda.

They give me the lowdown: Sturgis is a sort of demilitarized zone for the biker gangs. The gangs are definitely around, but they lay low and everyone keeps cool.

Meanwhile, a crowd has gathered around the mechanical bull. Ladies are lining up to ride. Two stories above the crowd, an announcer cajoles riders of the softer sex to bare their goodies. If two naked tits are fine, then four is even better, and the crowd erupts with gusto when the announcer suggests the buddy system for ladies' bull rides. The girls ride face-to-face, and the announcer

exhorts each topless duo to "pet the puppies." The assemblage joins him in a chant of "Puh-pees! Puh-pees! Puh-pees!"

There's something about breasts in public that makes the average male IQ drop to about igloo temperature. I'm slinking around the edges of a distracted crowd when I spot a lone biker eyeing me.

At the most American event in the world, I meet Sebastien Nelis, a biker from Brussels, Belgium. Unfortunately, he is not in any gang, but he does have a skull tattoo and a Harley that he's shipped from Belgium to ride across the USA. He's not burly, but I reason that riding across a foreign country alone takes serious *cajones*. Plus, he looks like James Dean, chain-smokes Marlboros, drinks Bud, and he's wearing black leather. He speaks French; while it's not exactly the lingua franca of Sturgis, I think it's an interesting twist.

"I am American in my blood," declares the Belgian biker. The more he drinks, the rougher his scant English

the few dorks maneuvering four-wheeled transport to the Full Throttle Saloon. Surely the Full Throttle will be an oasis of brawny bikers open to adopting a willing young woman for

becomes. When he hands me his German helmet with a sticker on it that reads, SEX INSTRUCTOR. FIRST LESSON FREE, I deduce that this could be Mr. Right.

CHEESEBURGER ON TITTY ALLEY

Snaking the perimeter of the nearby Glencoe campground is a narrow dirt road known as Titty Alley, notorious for the spontaneous disappearance of clothing and inhibitions. Except for sleep, anything goes at Glencoe, which is outside the city limits and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the Sturgis cops. This is the temporary home of thousands of rowdy bikers, including my Belgian stud.

In the dark, dusty night, we stand on the edge of Titty Alley watching the procession of naked flesh on iron horses.

It's New Orleans-style shenanigans, complete with bead-doling, beer-swilling and strangers groping strangers. As such, I stick close to the man I came with, who has quickly become quite protective of me.

A drunken, grinning guy is running around with a string of beads hanging out of his pants' zipper. He asks girls on bikes if they want to pull his crotch jewelry, and when none of them do, he tugs the string himself. The beads are attached to the end of his Prince Albert piercing. Next, he plays show-and-tell with his balls, revealing an eight ball tattooed on one testicle and a cobweb on the other. "No one ever plays with that one," he says, indicating his webbed nut.

A naked woman whose neck is laden, Mr. T-style, with Mardi Gras beads sits on the back of a Harley. The inebriated nudist is easily convinced to let an anonymous cowboy pour beer down her crotch. A man from the back of the crowd yells, "Now that you made that mess, you gotta clean it up." But the bike zooms off before any takers can aid in the cunnilingual cleanup effort.

Except for girls on bikes, I'm one of the few females at Titty Alley. Not surprisingly, it's mostly men crowding around like vultures to leer at the drunken, giggling exhibitionists.

Another naked chick standing on the buddy seat of a Harley bends over at the waist for my camera. Someone from the crowd yells for her to "spread that shit." She happily obliges, prompting camera flashes to strobe and pop.

"Did you get that cheeseburger shot?" a tattooed dude with a camera asks me. I show him the "cheeseburger" on my camera's digital display and watch my stock rise further in his eyes as I show the shot on extreme zoom.

When my Belgian biker sees this,



RIDE THE BULL, PET THE PUPPIES

To my dismay, most every biker on the streets of Sturgis already has a bitch. Some of them are gorgeous in a trailer-park-goddess sort of way. Many look like they teach elementary school back home, and others probably have grandkids my age. Most are scantily clad in leather, bikini tops or fringe-cut shirts, but as gravity is a cruel mistress, some would look better in sweats and T-shirts.

My recourse is to scout for solo bikers in their natural habitat—the biker bar. I'm one of



he smiles and winks at me. I have chosen well.

Ice Cream in the DMZ

The next morning, I'm practicing my French over the Big Biker Breakfast plate at a local diner. By noon, I'm holding on tight for a high-speed cruise to Mt. Rushmore.

The air is crisp, and the rolling hills are covered in pine trees so deep-green and dense that they appear black from a distance. Along the twisting roads, rock formations jut out of the red earth like freshly broken bones and, up close, the white granite sparkles like snow.

It begins to rain; so we take refuge in a bar between Sturgis and nearby Deadwood. We stand on a porch packed with dozens of waiting bikers. The weather turns from rain to hailstones the size of popcorn, which go *tink-tink-tink*, bouncing off choppers in the parking lot. A few die-hards rush out to throw leather jackets over their bikes, but most of the bikers just keep smiling and ordering more drinks.

Everyone we meet is laid-back and genuinely primed for good times. After running into members of the Bandidos Motorcycle Club of Texas, I decide that the surly biker is a dead stereotype. They're all brimming with Southern hospitality, and one offers to snap a photo of me on the road to Mt. Rushmore.

After the harrowing road adventure, we hit the bars of downtown Sturgis.

At the Broken Spoke Saloon, I meet Norm Smith of Denver, a Sturgis regular since 1978 who comes for the young women and the parties. He says he's seen bikers put

dynamite in the outhouses of City Park, drag-race with women on their shoulders and dance naked on a school bus. Nearby, strippers with pasties dance in a cage and beam girlish smiles as I snap their photos. We pause to stare at a fat girl tottering on a mechanical bull.

Next we hit One-Eyed Jack's Saloon, a biker favorite—and for good reason. It's heavy on atmosphere, and the girls dip their nipples into tubs of ice water to work the crowd into a frenzy.

We finally run into the infamous Hell's Angels—two guys in a tiny booth behind One-Eyed Jack's. They look every bit the stereotype except that one guy is eating Ben & Jerry's out of the carton. It's a brief interaction; I introduce myself, and he feeds me some ice cream.

So why do people come to Sturgis? It's not just for the bikes, I'm told, although Harley metal is an integral part of the action. Most everyone I meet agrees that the people make Sturgis what it is. When it comes right down to it, it's sex—not Softails or Fat Boys—that keeps people coming back. While some of the light titty action may go down in the watering holes, it's the campgrounds that deserve the XXX rating.

Steven Chulbi of Long Beach, New York, gives an example: "One night, there was a woman holding a sign that said, I EAT PUSSY, and she got a volunteer. It went down right there, and we all whipped our cameras out and went to town, and so did they.

The girl who was having lunch squatted down right there and took a leak. My buddy had to back off because he was getting wet."

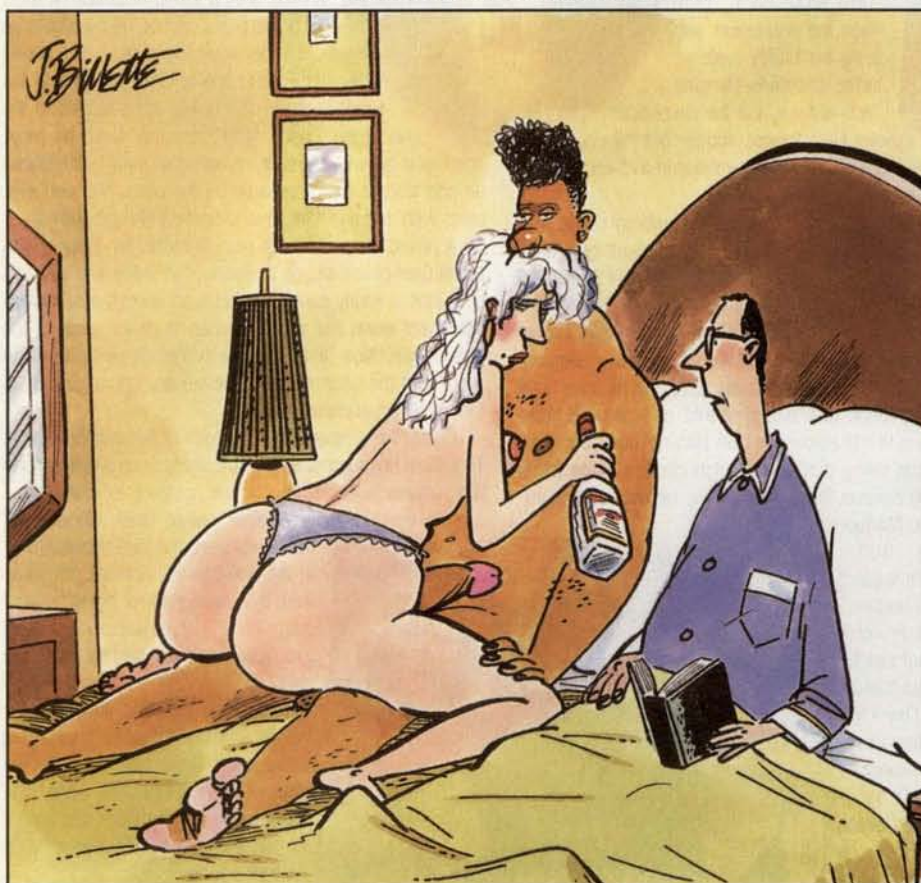
After hearing this, I have to laugh when the Belgian biker attempts to explain in rough English why Sturgis represents the best of American culture. Soon after, when we say goodbye, he tells me that he wants to visit me in L.A. I promise to show him another "best" of American culture but dodge the question after he suggests we get married so he can obtain a green card.

Several days later, I'm suffering a hangover in pajamas when my would-be Belgian biker husband shows up at my apartment. He asks if I want to go for a ride. I suggest we take my car instead. The truth is, I'm relieved to shed the biker-bitch life and eager to return to just being a plain old bitch.

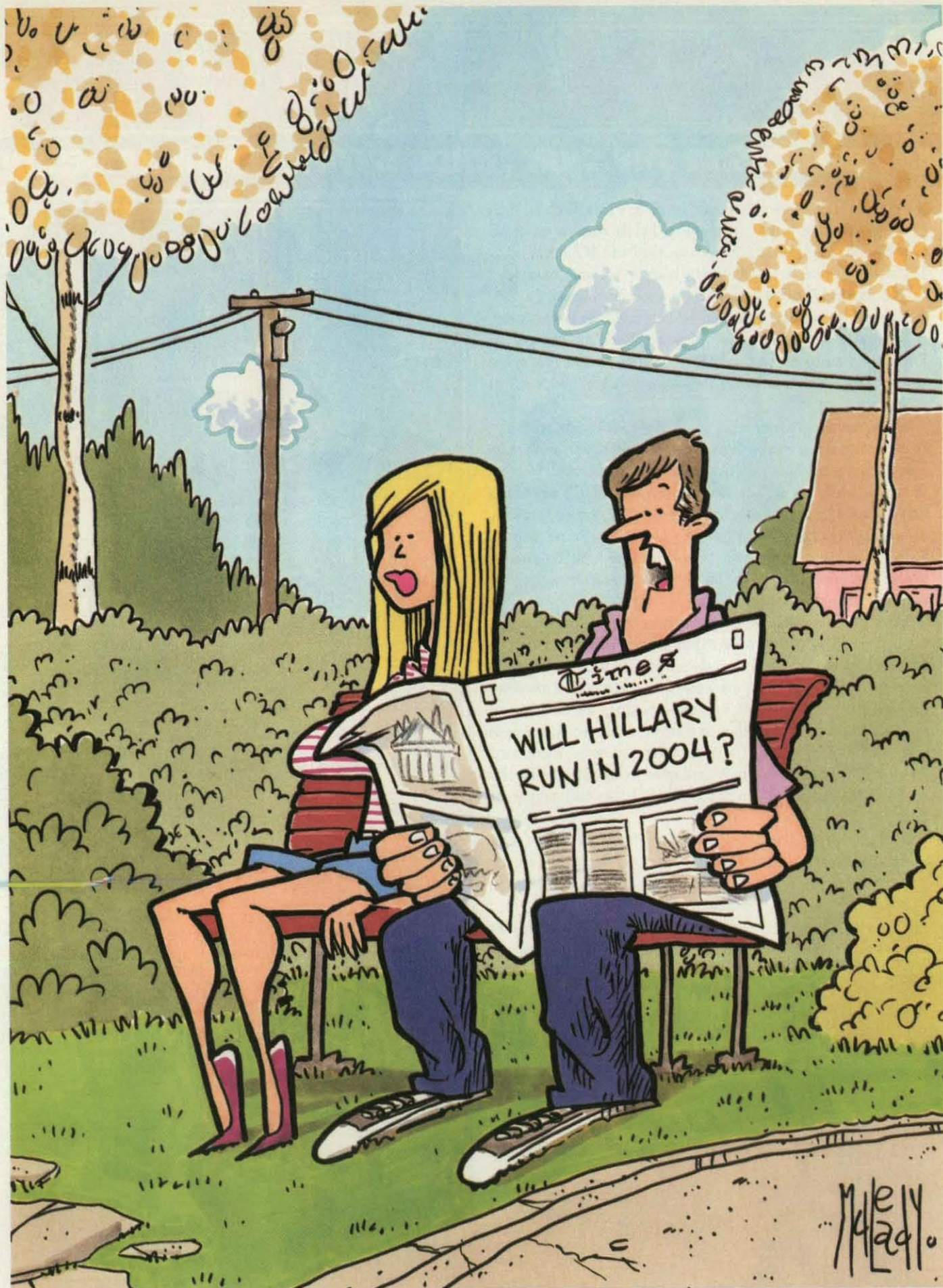
The authoress with her Belgian stud, Sebastian Nelis.



Los Angeles-based adventure writer Carolyn Sinclair has contributed to the *Los Angeles Daily News*, *POZ* and *Los Angeles Family*. She's also traveled with Buddhist prostitutes and been a performance artist in central France.



"I'm trying to understand your guilt, Babs, but Lincoln freed the slaves more than 140 years ago."



"Bill Clinton used to fuck interns. Now he's fucking a senator. If he plays his cards right, he could be fucking a President someday."

JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

Hi, guys! I have a few days off after a particularly busy month, but I have some big things to report. I hope you've had the chance to see my billboard in Times Square! It's strange to see myself on a 48-foot-high, 32-foot-wide billboard, but I felt it needed to be done, since Times Square has been sanitized like Disneyland. I thought people might boycott the message and start marching against me, but there have been so many reports recently of people loving it. I think New York is going to take after Las Vegas now. They tried to clean up Las Vegas, and it didn't work! They tried to clean up New York, and that's not gonna work either. I'm going to make it my mission to sleaze up New York again!

A lot of my fans write to me asking what kind of music I'm into; so I thought I'd fill everyone in as to what's in heavy rotation in my CD player. I'm into all different kinds of genres. I like Jack Johnson a lot, and I love Disturbed, Snoop and 50 Cent. I honestly like anybody who's incredibly talented. This may surprise some of you, but I'm really taken by Justin Timberlake. I'm sorry, but he's badass. It's not just that he's cute—he's got the talent to back it up! I'm not really into boy bands, but I went to see his concert recently and came to the conclusion that he must have been black in his past life. He can really dance too. I mean, he's white. He's not supposed to be able to dance like that!

I also just shot a remake of *Devil in Miss Jones* for Vivid. The best part was that I got to work with the star of the original film, Georgina Spelvin! It was the first time I met Georgina, and I was really excited about it, because she was in one of the very first adult movies ever made. She was so free about everything, and I was totally inspired by that. I was amazed that she was so forthcoming about doing what she did. Back then, porn was so taboo. I can't even imagine being a girl and doing a sex film during the 1970s. She's so fun, and so crazy! She's a total hippie, and she's a really good actress as well. She plays my alter ego—she's the good half, and I'm the bad half. I had such a blast; you guys are gonna love it!

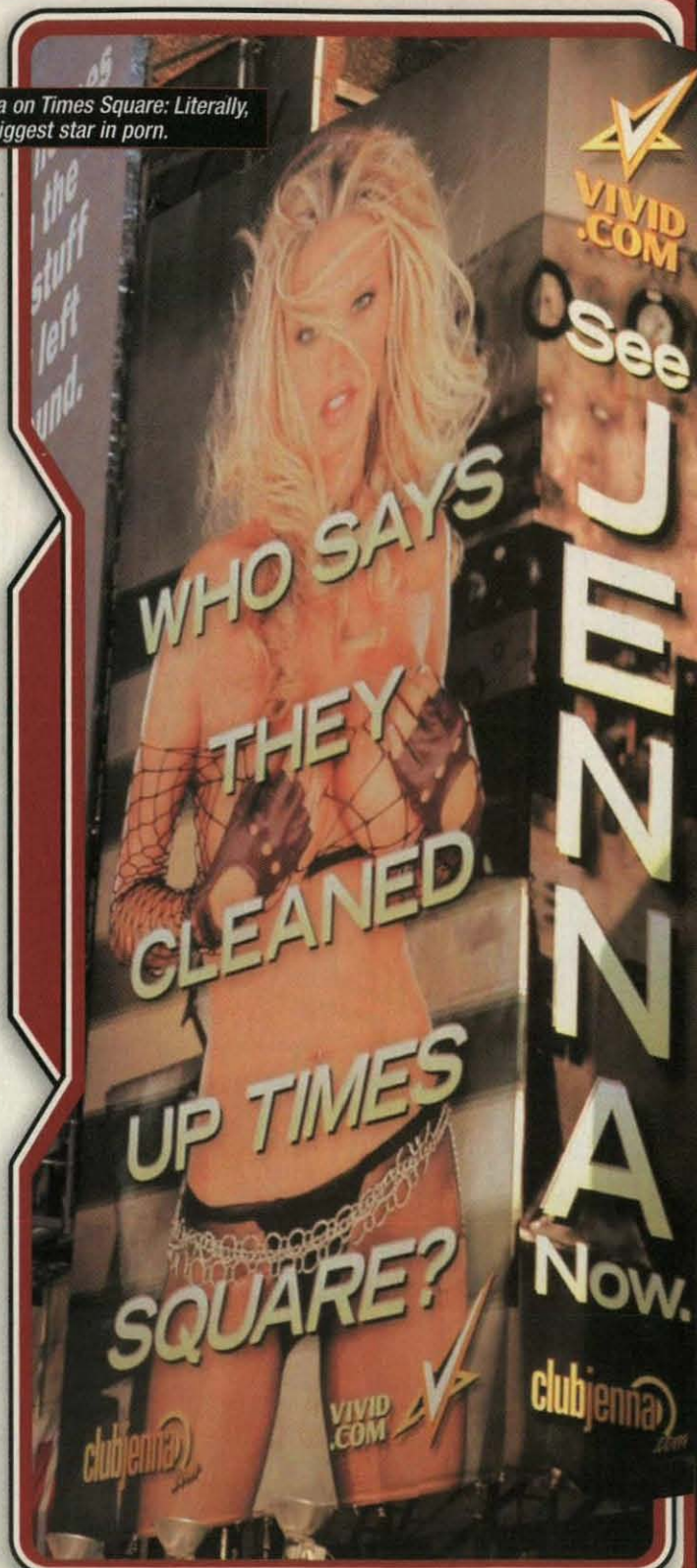
If there's anything that you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

See you soon!

XoXo,
Jenna

Jenna on Times Square: Literally, the biggest star in porn.



EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**



Opera: Ashley Blue demonstrates how to get at those hard-to-reach areas.

Opera: Ashley Blue: "What the hell am I doing here? Oh, that's right. I flunked the bar exam."



Opera: Color-coordinating is Papillion's strong suit—well, aside from getting fucked in the ass.



Opera

Directed by Thomas Zupko.

Starring Papillion, Avy Scott, Ashley Blue, Viveca Vengeance, Katja Kassir, Allura Bond, Satine Diamond, Valentino, Allen Rene, Mickey G., Pistol Pete, Axel Braun, Trent Tesoro, Brian Surewood, Tony Tedeschi and Dennis Marti.

Videocassette and DVD: Elegant Angel.

Director Thomas Zupko has created a new genre of erotica: "art house porn." The film, *Opera*, is a cautionary tale of betrayal, redemption and heroin addiction that unfolds over a period of four seasons. The film is shot almost entirely in Italian with English subtitles (if this gives any indication of the direction in which Zupko was headed). Who else would hire a legitimate opera singer to play the lead role? Aside from the lush cinematography, *Opera* does contain steamy fucking. Ashley Blue's zipper-busting scene with Trent Tesoro serves to illustrate why she is one of the reigning anal queens in the jizz biz. Tesoro's schlong stretches her shit pussy to its limit. The final scene features the return of Papillion in an all-out fuckfest, with her pooper getting stuffed at turns by Hulk Hogan lookalike Brian Surewood and Mickey G. *Opera* will have viewers stroking their chins and puds alike.

—Stewart Wallace

Opera: Avy Scott mounts a Roman column.



Headache for the Hedgehog

XXX Starlets Accuse Ron Jeremy of Rape

Legendary porn swordsman Ron Jeremy has found himself in the middle of a media shit storm following allegations by at least two female porn performers who have accused the rotund stunt cock of rape.

The first was Ginger Lynn, the star of more than 200 movies since 1982, who told listeners on her popular Internet radio program, *The Ginger Lynn Show* on KSEXradio.com, that Jeremy had forced her to have sex with him in the early '80s after breaking into her condo while the pair were on location in Hawaii making a video. "Ron Jeremy raped me on my very first film—broke into my condo...raped my ass on my first movie when I was 20 years old."

Following this claim, other XXX performers asserted that they too were victims of rape. Porn starlet Jennifer Steele also claims to have been forced into intercourse with Jeremy when she entered the business. In her written testimonial on porn-news Web site TopProTalent.com, Steele claims that Jeremy tried to force her into fucking him at a HUSTLER shoot in the bathroom during a break, and then later again at his apartment, where she was staying at the time. Although Jennifer admits that she did let him perform oral sex on her that evening, it was only because he promised to leave her alone and let her get some sleep when the task was complete. According to Steele, Ron proceeded to anally rape her.

Jeremy maintains that he doesn't even know who Steele is, but veteran porn journalist Gene Ross claims that Ron introduced her to him as his girlfriend the very next day after the alleged assault.

Not everyone is quick to brand Jeremy a rapist. Following the melee, former porn talent Jerry Butler told TopProTalent.com a different account of the Ginger Lynn "rape." Butler states that he was dating Lynn at the time, and all three were on set in Hawaii when Lynn says the forced fucking took place. He claims that they were hanging out on the beach and, after going down to the water to urinate, he returned to find Lynn consensually performing fellatio on Jeremy: "She's a little run-around girl. Ron Jeremy is innocent."

To that end, it's important to note that Jeremy adamantly denies all of the allegations, and no charges have been filed against him. *Erotic Entertainment* will keep readers apprised of any further developments.

Jeremy: "Me, rape? Only at the buffet table!"



Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls: Shai Lee knows that splooge makes a great moisturizer.



2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3: Catalina: "Can we switch positions, guys? My neck is killing me."



Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls: The reason why Mia Smiles is rapidly moving up the corporate ladder at Disneyland.



2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3: Catalina: "Only one dick? What's the title of this film again?"

The Contortionist: Steve Hatcher performs his own version of *While You Were Sleeping* on Cameron Cain and Anna Mills.





S.M.U.T. #19:
Chenin Blanc is
head-over-heels
for cock.

**The
Contortionist:**
Honey rides the
hairy beast.

S.M.U.T. #19:
Dominica Leoni:
"Grab me some bat-
teries, this thing's
running out of juice."



Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls

Directed by Alex Ladd.
Starring Charmaine Star,
Avena Lee, Lucy Lee, Shai Lee,
Mia Smiles, Nautica Thorn, Chris
Toms, K-K, Rick Masters, Joel Lawrence, Jean
Pallett and Chris Cannon.
Videocassette: DVX.

The plaid-skirted geishas of *Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls* are all laid-back California cuties, most of them with uncharacteristically huge fun bags. Nautica Thorn is a top-heavy, brunet sex bomb with heaven-sent lips destined to wrap themselves around hard cock. Her scorching bout of beef injection kicks off with a ravenous cunt-lapping, where the guy thrashes around like a pit bull with a chew toy. Nautica's juicy glutes and giant melons bounce pleasantly while she rides pole hard and fast. Just when the almond-eyed temptress's mounds are hosed with nut butter and you think it's over, a bonus mini-scene of a bare-breasted Nautica masturbating adds a little blast to bring you over the top. With a nearly flawless cast of gorgeous and hormone-crazed Asian-American nymphos, *Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls* will appeal to pussy hounds of all persuasions.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

The Contortionist

Directed by Henri Pachard.
Starring Cameron Cain, Honey,
Anna Mills, Brooke Balentyne,
Layla Jade, Dru Berrymore,
Herschel Savage, Nick Manning,
Steve Hatcher, Tony Tedeschi and Gino Greco.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

In *The Contortionist*, Cameron Cain is Pinky, a distraught girl who, in the midst of scattering her dead boyfriend's ashes, is arrested by a cop (Herschel Savage) with a penchant for rescuing damsels in distress. He takes her in, she falls for him, and within no time, Cain's fuck hole is being consoled by Savage's night stick. We soon learn that Pinky is a sexual *Zelig* who morphs into whomever she's hanging out with. Whether she's a submissive, a bank robber or a prostitute, she's more than willing to trade her dignity for a load in the piehole. After Savage tires of the carnal chameleon, Cain hits the streets hooking and is picked up by blazing-hot, foul-mouthed fuck pet Anna Mills and "hubby" Steve Hatcher. During a boner-inducing threeway, Anna gets plugged by Hatcher doggy-style, all the while taunting a cock-deprived Cain between licks at her muff. Chock-full of goo-gobbling ginches, *The Contortionist* will have you twisting your fist around your prick.

—S.W.

2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3

Directed by Tyrone Shuz and
Andre Madness.
Starring Ander Page, Anika Fox,
Sabrina Snow, Kelli Tyler, Catalina,
Steve Holmes, Tony Ribas, Trevor Zen,
Frazer Luvitt, Mark Ashley and Ben English.
Videocassette and DVD: New Sensations.

Fans of porn dude Ben English, rejoice: *2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3* has arrived. As a stunt cock in four out of five scenes, you see more of Ben's prodigious schlong than Ander Page's pert tits and ripe peach of an ass. The video's fundamentally flawed concept (unless you like nut sacs, crossed swords and guy butt) is somewhat salvaged by a crew of superior sluts. Red-hot Ander Page, sultry blonde Sabrina Snow and rib-cage-thin redhead Anika Fox burn up the screen when they're not being engulfed by a sea of dude flesh. These momentary respites make for a good five minutes. Without many close-ups, the talent is squandered and the action falls flat. The payoff? Double facials, very thick and extra creamy. Coating honeys with more splooge than one man could muster on his own is a splendid sight, but double money-shots are the only asset that allows *2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3* to break even.

—J.P.

S.M.U.T. #19

Directed by Gus Delario.
Starring Zana, Chenin Blanc,
Cynara Fox, Dominica Leoni,
Ashley Moore, Sapphire Rae,
Vanessa Mackenzie, Barrett Blade,
Cheyenne Collins and Steve Hatcher.
Videocassette and DVD: Elegant Angel.

The box cover of *S.M.U.T. #19* promises "100% certified bone-choking action!" They weren't dicking around. The flick immediately opens with a cock-crazed Dominica Leoni hungrily huffing down Steve Hatcher's tube steak. Initially, there is no dialogue, just gothic-inspired techno music accompaniment. The sounds of a squawking parrot—or even a gagging Leoni—would have been a vast improvement on the horrendous soundtrack. Thankfully, the music dissipates over time so you can actually hear auburn-haired fuck slut Vanessa Mackenzie moan as her gash engulfs Cheyenne Collins's man-muscle. The hottest scene in *S.M.U.T. #19* is a three-way with insatiable flesh puppets Ashley Moore, Sapphire Rae and Barrett Blade. Both girls get popped in the pooper after clawing at Blade's cock like a couple of starving weasels. Aside from one uninspired vignette, *S.M.U.T. #19* delivers the filth admirably.

—S.W.



Naughty Nights #5:
Jena pauses to savor the bouquet.



Angel X:
Brittany and Alexis share troll meat.



Double Anal Plugged:
Sandra Romain: "Can you see my small intestine?"

Double Anal Plugged

Directed by David Luger.

Starring Sandra Romain, Trinity, Cristina, Vivienne La Roche, Sarah O'Neil, Wesley, Cristain, Steve Holmes, Eric Everhard, Claudio Melony and Manuel Ferrara.

Videocassette: Red Light District.

High-end porn sluts don't often feel the need to rip their coccyges asunder, so *Double Anal Plugged* has to play the hand it's dealt. A cadre of desperate foreign whores led by pale, carrotopped Vivienne La Roche surrender their gaping, ruby-red dirt boxes for defilement. The flick delivers what it promises: a pair of cocks rubbing together inside a cavernous crap hatch. Lamentably, to pull it off, the guys have to get closer together than conjoined twins, completely blocking the chick from sight. A couple of ginches have the chance to show off their firm bodies while they oil up. Raven-haired Euro-babe Sarah O'Neil lubes her entire ass until it shines like a honey-glazed ham. Sandwiched between dudes during her dual dung-hatch drubbing, Sarah's feet don't even touch the ground. These thrills aside, *Double Anal Plugged* sadly trades any real heat for an extra dose of schlong, gypping the viewer.

—J.P.

Naughty Nights #5

Directed by Travis Knight.

Starring Gina Lynn, Kiant Li, Jena, Kris, Shannon Getsit, Travis Knight, Rick Roberts, John, Sully and Mac.

Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Naughty Nights #5 features a quartet of randy XXX greenhorns anxious to push their limits. Jena, the hottest newcomer by far, is also the wimpiest. An incredibly hot, young brunette with huge natural jugs and a cute face, Jena goes lesbo with the blond, fake-boobed spum target Gina Lynn. Their scintillating rug munch is set to explode into a threeway, except Jena backs away from the boy beef. Reduced to window dressing, the bashful nymph occasionally grabs Gina's tits as she stands around for the rest of the scene. Kris has a rough face and a wrestler's body but tackles two guys at once in her screen debut. In a bait-and-switch move, the last scene begins with a hot blonde sucking the cameraman off, but a homely brunette soon takes her place and brings the action indoors for a D.P. This bit of flimflammy only accentuates *Naughty Nights #5's* already dim prospects.

—J.P.

Chunky on the Fourth of July

Directed by Grip Johnson.

Starring Roxy Blaze, Nina, Lisa Sparxxx, Gen Padova, Lauren Smith, Steven French, Jeremy Steele, Frank Bukkwyd, Andrew Riviera and Kid Jihad.

Videocassette and DVD: SkinTight Pictures.

Chubby veteran Roxy Blaze comes home from Iraq in a wheelchair and must learn to go on in *Chunky on the Fourth of July*. With a nod to *Rear Window*, Roxy spies on her overweight neighbor Nina getting jiggy in the front yard. Back in Baghdad, Iraqi soldiers rape the captive Lisa Sparxxx, face-fuck her and force her to lick a picture of Saddam Hussein. One of the brutal Iraqis professes his love for Max Hardcore in the middle of berating the hefty blonde. The subsequent slaps, insults and degrading comments undermine the appeal for any core audience of cellulite worshippers. Skinny, pale Gen Padova nurses the crippled Roxy back to health with a sponge bath and a strap-on, leaving fat aficionados with little to chew on. In a jumble of contradictions, *Chunky on the Fourth of July* is an earnest parody, a jingoistic "tribute" to a scathing antiwar novel and a mean-spirited look at fat women. Who could jerk off to that?

—J.P.

Angel X

Directed by Michael Raven.

Starring Kaylani Lei, Asia Carrera, Lisa Parks, Olivia del Rio, Brittany Skye, Lea De Mea, Alexis Malone, Nick Manning, Dale D'Bone, Lee Stone, Dillon, John West, Mike Horner and Sayo Dalsuchin.

Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

A fetid, anime-inspired crapfest directed by Michael Raven, *Angel X* gets its priorities ass-backward. The goofy plot, elaborate sets and laughable special effects are taken seriously, while the sex is slow, soft-focus and cable-ready. Titular heroine Kaylani Lei is actually hot without the Kabuki makeup she wears throughout. She shares a soft-core, lovey-dovey night with co-star Asia Carrera and a mist-filled boff with an extra-dimensional stranger who packs condoms. Bad guy Nick Manning and his cronies reside in a dungeinous lair, where they're serviced by four delectable blondes. Buxom Brittany Skye normally raises the roof on any feature she's in, but she's wasted here as an anonymous slut decked out in cheesy Red Sonja regalia. If you're the kind of guy who enjoys masturbating to video-game chicks and Japanese cartoons, stick to *Sailor Moon* and shun *Angel X's* hellish hybrid.

—J.P.

**Double
Anal
Plugged:**
Sandra: "No
need to
crowd,
guys. Can't
you see my
pussy's
unoccu-
pied?"



Chunky on the Fourth of July:
Lisa Sparxxx: "I guess this beats
bamboo under my fingernails."



**Chunky on the
Fourth of July:**
Roxy does her
part for the boys
overseas.



Angel X:
Kaylani Lei:
"No, Tammy
Faye Bakker
did not do
my makeup."



Naughty Nights #5:
Kris: "See, Mom, I told you
being double-jointed would land
me a high-profile job someday."

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Poking Around Under the Hood at Hot Import Nights

For the *Fast and the Furious* set, there is only one event that gets their proverbial motors running. Since 1998, Hot Import Nights has become one of the fastest-growing touring events in the country, with over 15,000 tickets sold at each venue. The promoters' secret? Mixing the latest tricked-out American and Japanese cars with even sexier, barely clothed women showing off the freshest automotive gear.

H.I.N.'s nightclub-esque vibe (complete with DJs and fire-breathing hotties such as fetish model Masumi Max) goes over well with the guys who pretend that they are there to see the cars. However, everyone knows that the slutty girls who populate Hot Import Nights are the real attraction.

While the men who attend the exhibition at least purport to have an interest in the vehicular fare, the women of H.I.N. make no bones about why they are at the event. "I'm going to find a guy and fuck him tonight," laughs one petite, smoking-hot Asian model wearing skintight jeans and a black bustier, checking out a hydraulically modified Honda emanating neon underneath the chassis.

Hot Import Nights? More like Hot Escort Nights!

Look for Hot Import Nights at a venue near you. For a complete schedule, visit www.HotImportNights.com.

Hot Import Nights models redefine the term "auto-erotic."





ROCK in a HARD PLACE

This month's guest XXX reviewers:
Sam Lewis and Garrett Smith
of **Feathergun**

Teens Revealed #2:
Summer Luv: "You promise this photo won't end up on a Christmas card somewhere?"

BARELY LEGAL #38:
Kat and her roomies make the best of their cramped apartment.

Who's Your Daddy #2:
Layla: "I don't think it's gonna fit, Dani."

Who's Your Daddy #2

Directed by Greg Alves.

Starring Dani Woodward, Layla, Taylor Lynn, Katsumi, Roxie, Jasmin Lynn, Elizabeth Del Mar, Kinzie Kenner, Alex Sanders, Jon Dough, Mark Wood, Anthony Hardwood, Ben English and Mark Davis.
DVD: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

If you're into watching old, fat, uncircumcised men pummel young, drifter crack whores, *Who's Your Daddy #2* will fulfill all your desires. I'm talking balding, spare-tire-wielding schlubs with some of the most fantastic back-hair formations this side of the prime meridian. At least the girls were prepared to do whatever it took to get this film made. Having never seen *Who's Your Daddy #1*, I wondered if I would be able to follow the plot. Was it really a sequel, or a prequel? Luckily, there was no confusion. It was just a home video of old guys banging young girls. They even qualify all of the fucking by stating that the men were not actually their dads. No shit. *Who's Your Daddy #2* proves that there needs to be more creativity in the smut industry; any mook can pick up a camera and hire some hookers to take it up the ass from their loser friends.

—Sam Lewis

BARELY LEGAL #38

Directed by Clive McLean.

Starring Simone, Kylie, Kat, Cherry, Haley, Wendy, Mark, Anthony, Lucky, Ben and Tony.
DVD: HUSTLER Video.

Call me old-fashioned, but I miss the porn films of the '70s. I pine for the days when blue-screen divas like Kay Parker, Honey Wilder and Ginger Lynn got down and dirty to the funkier of soundtracks in situations that played out like wild fantasies. However, this is a brand-new era. In the 38th installment of *BARELY LEGAL*, director Clive McLean remains true to the formula of the modern skin flick: Young, naive girls stumble into situations where desire always seems to get the best of them—minimal acting and absence of a storyline, all set to a backdrop of some cheesy music. The sex scenes follow the standard order of operations: blowjob to cunnilingus to multipositioned pump-thrusting, culminating in a rote cum-shot to the face. That being said, I still enjoyed this movie. The girls were all very cute and willing to share their pink pleasure with style and grace. Don't expect a plot, just hot young nymphos looking for a good time.

—S.L.

Teens Revealed #2

Directed by Michael Stefano.

Starring Shawnee, Brianna Blaze, Ember, Summer Luv, Ariana Jolie, Michael Stefano, Brandon Iron, Anthony Hardwood and Ben English.
DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Welcome to Boner City! As the self-appointed mayor of this gloriously erect metropolis, I'd like to direct your attention to a fine piece of cinema entitled *Teens Revealed #2*. Just the name of this film excited me, but as I delved deeper into the world of these teens, I realized the true beauty within. Not only was I along for the ride, I felt like I was a part of the party! This is the kind of film I could blow my wad to over and over again, as these lovely young girls tickled me pink. These sparkling love goddesses had my senses working overtime! Hats off to Michael Stefano, who not only produced and directed this masterpiece, but also delivered his own serving of hefty humping! I suppose the only true way to really perfect a fuck film is to dive in and be a part of it yourself. This delicious *pièce de résistance* delivers the goods and will easily turn your limp frown upside-down.

—Garrett Smith

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Girl Power #15 (Kick Ass Pictures)

Ander Page, Renee Porro, Jessica Darlin, Boo

HUSTLER'S Girl+Girl #2 (HUSTLER Video)

Caroline Cage, Kate, Cola, Monica More

Multiple P.O.V. (Red Light District)

Roxy, Gisselle, Cytherea, Cherry Lane

Not Just Another 8 Teen Movie (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)

LIT Bit More, Cassie Young, Roxy, Mark Davis

Three-Quarters Erect

Dirty Little Cheaters (Metro Inc.)

Katie Morgan, Alana Evans, Brittany Skye, Rafe

Sinful Creations (Digital Playground)

Alexa Rae, Monica, Angel Cassidy, Val Pacino

Spit Shined (Platinum X Pictures)

Mandy Lee, Leslie Taylor, Julie Night, Nacho Vidal

Travel Sluts (DVSX)

Taylor Rain, Mia Smiles, Phoenix Ray, Roman Holiday

Half Erect

Adult Stars at Home #3 (Adam & Eve Productions)

Brittany Andrews, Donna Marie, Honey, Steve Hatcher

Catsnatch (VCA Pictures)

Sunset Thomas, Chloe, Julie Meadows, Tice Bune

Chick Flick #3 (Legend Video)

Charmane Star, Tawny Roberts, Dee, Kaylynn, Lee Stone

Double Parked #4 (DVSX)

Sandra Mark, Cherry, Simony, Rick Masters

Gonzomania (Elegant Angel)

Summer Luv, Sapphire Rae, Ashley Moore, Jake Malone

One-Quarter Erect

Makin' It (Wicked Pictures)

Stephanie Swift, Sydnee Steele, Lezley Zen, Mike Horner

The Visitor (Elegant Angel)

Ashley Moore, Julie Night, Flick Shagwell, Joey Ray

Totally Limp

Shane's World #31: The Life and Times of Drunky the Bear (New Sensations)

Faye, Porno Joe, Stinky Martinez

Rating Guide

- Fully Erect**
Superior. A top production.
- Three-Quarters Erect**
Above average. Hard-on material.
- Half Erect**
Standard fare. Has moments.
- One-Quarter Erect**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- Totally Limp**
A waste of time and money.

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36 SHE-MALES NEED 18"
She-needs crave huge cocks & the loads that come with them!
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4HRS.
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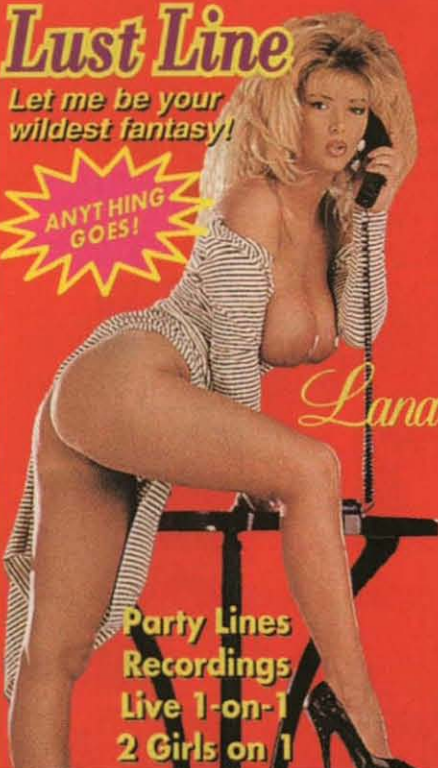
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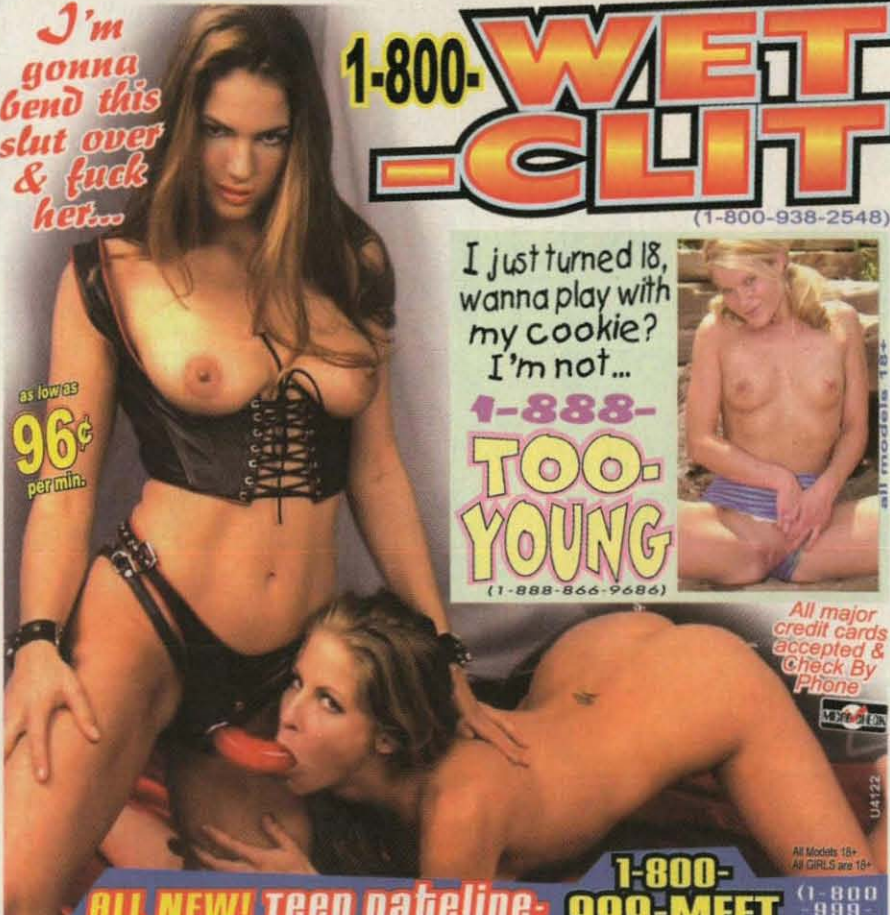
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— Size Does Matter!**

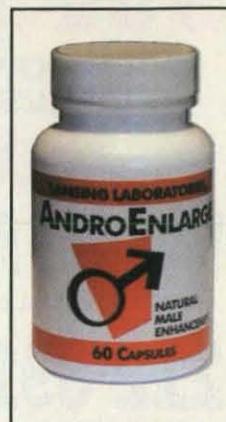
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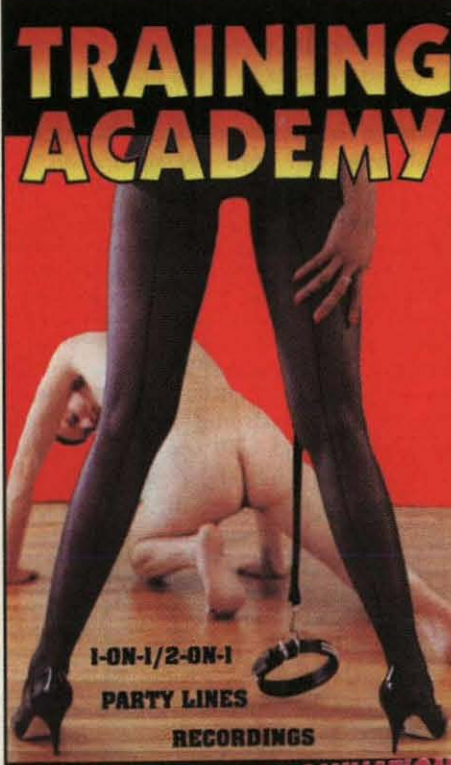
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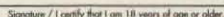
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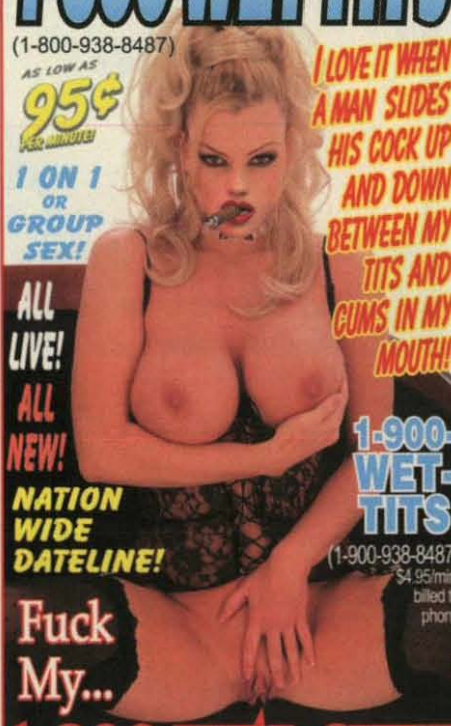
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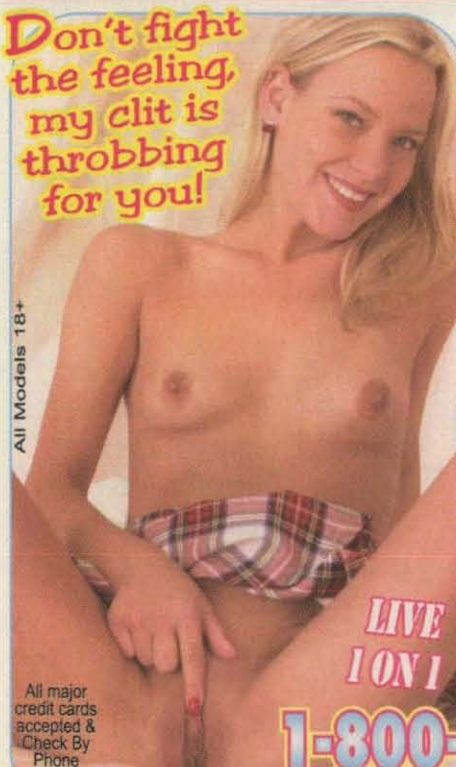
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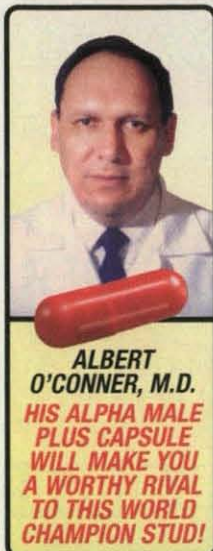
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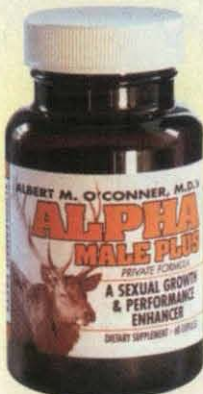


ALBERT O'CONNER, M.D.
HIS ALPHA MALE PLUS CAPSULE WILL MAKE YOU A WORTHY RIVAL TO THIS WORLD CHAMPION STUD!

HOW DOES IT WORK?

The active ingredients in Dr. O'Conner's **ALPHA MALE PLUS** Formula with Wapiti Elk Extract have been scientifically designed to facilitate three desirable bio-chemical objectives for peak male sexual performance.

- Primary Objective:**
To dramatically increase the active amount of the male hormone testosterone.
- Secondary Objective:**
To maximize blood flow to the male sex organ for longer, stronger erectile growth.
- Continuous Reinforced Objective:**
To quickly replenish the body's internal reservoir of testosterone after climax to perform full and satisfying sexual intercourse again and again.



MEET THE WORLD'S #1 UNDISPUTED CHAMPION SEX STUD!

HE HAS THE SIZE, DESIRE AND STAYING POWER TO PERFORM UP TO 20 TIMES IN A SINGLE DAY!

LET THE EXTRACTED HORMONES FROM NATURE'S NUMBER ONE STUD TRANSFORM YOU INTO A NON-STOP SEX DYNAMO!

Deep in Canada's barren north, just below the Arctic circle, lives an animal scientists believe to be the most prolific lover in the entire animal kingdom bar none! During the fall rutting season, the male Wapiti Elk (cervus elaphus) is blessed with a hormonal structure that allows him to give world class multiple sex performances as little as three minutes apart – and do this as many as 20 times a day!

Now imagine that you might safely infuse yourself with the hormones behind this incredibly virile creature's sexual abilities. You'd find yourself filled to the brim with a raw, urgent sex drive. You'd find yourself performing like a super sex machine with unbelievable renewed stamina. You'd discover the ability to rapidly rejuvenate yourself after sex, producing yet another giant, full-blooded erection, roaring to go again – and then again! The fact is, you'd be having non-stop sex until she's reduced to begging for release from this endless, virtually unbearable ecstasy.

INTRODUCING THE DOCTOR'S MAGIC "RED BULLET" – THE AMAZING ALPHA MALE PLUS!

Here's a report from Physician's Clinical Journal for Sexual Wellness & Performance (quarterly newsletter for the medical profession):

"...the clinical data from Dr. Fisher's study strongly suggests that even small doses of hormonal extracts taken from the Wapiti Elk can potentially increase testosterone levels up to 500% and transform almost any 'average' man into a sexually dominant alpha male complete with supercharged libido, ultra-fast recovery time, increased stamina... to potentially satisfy one's partner(s) as many as ten to twenty times in a single day..."

DOCTOR DISCOVERS PATIENTS' SEX RESPONSES ROCKET RIGHT OFF THE CHART!

The genius behind **ALPHA MALE PLUS** is acclaimed urologist Albert O'Conner, M.D., both professor of medicine and Chief of Medical Education. He is also Chief of Urology as well as a member of his hospital's board of directors. Dr. O'Conner read about Dr. Brian Fisher's study of the effects of Wapiti Elk Extract, but he was skeptical and decided to run his own study using some of his sexually dysfunctional patients as subjects. There was simply no way he could have predicted the dramatic results! Many of these patients were transformed into stud volcanoes, filled to the brim with intense, concentrated boiling hot sexual energy ready to explode! They reported that their pent up passion erupted into an avalanche of all-consuming sex – and then was replenished rapidly over and over again – all night long and for night after night.

JUST ONE CAPSULE A DAY FOR THE STRONGEST SEX DRIVE IN THE WORLD!

Until you experience the power of **ALPHA MALE PLUS** for yourself, you may not fully believe that men are quite capable of having almost non-stop sex and can experience the male equivalent and intense euphoric pleasure associated with multiple orgasms. By safely combining the Wapiti Elk Extract with other nutrients,

Dr. O'Conner has created a revolutionary formula able to turn almost any average man into a virtual super-stud overnight.

The Wapiti Elk Extract found in **ALPHA MALE PLUS** not only increases the amount of testosterone in the body by up to 500%, it allows for fast and full rejuvenation so that more sex is not only possible, but likely. See the chart below to see how the normal recovery time between an average middle-aged adult male's recovery time after sex (not taking **ALPHA MALE PLUS**) compares to an average middle-aged Wapiti Elk.

POTENTIAL FOR FIRST REPEAT SEXUAL PERFORMANCE	
Average Middle-Aged Male	2-1/2 hours
Average Middle-Aged Wapiti Elk	3 minutes
POTENTIAL FOR THIRD REPEAT SEXUAL PERFORMANCE	
Average Middle-Aged Male	6 to 15 hours
Average Middle-Aged Wapiti Elk	5 to 9 minutes

LONG-TERM RESULT:

Dramatic increase in frequency and duration of sex as recovery time greatly diminishes and erections stay rock hard. Stronger desire, stamina and ability to perform with thick, full, long-lasting erections means more satisfying and intense intimate pleasure for both partners again and again.



IT WORKS AND NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!

If you truly desire giant, rock hard erections; if you want to dramatically increase your staying power and performance in the bedroom; if you would like to be able to experience non-stop sex and satisfy your lover over and over again, then you need to order your own supply of **ALPHA MALE PLUS** today!

See for yourself what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: **ALPHA MALE PLUS** has skyrocketed to become the world's #1 bestselling male hormonal stimulant and growth formula for one very simple reason – **IT WORKS AND NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!** Best of all, even though the proprietary, all-natural formula in **ALPHA MALE PLUS** is medical doctor designed and endorsed, absolutely no prescription is necessary.

EXCLUSIVE OFFER! BUY ONE GET ONE FREE!

Need another reason to try **ALPHA MALE PLUS**? How about 50% OFF our regular price! **ALPHA MALE PLUS** normally retails for \$59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now we'll include a second month's supply **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** Imagine being able to benefit from the incredible sexual power of Nature's World Champion Super-Stud for less than \$1 per day!

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Take one of Dr. O'Conner's **ALPHA MALE PLUS** capsules with pure Wapiti Elk Extract daily and you'll:

- Increase testosterone levels up to 500%
- Increase penis size by 2 to 3 inches
- Maintain huge rock hard erections for hours
- Dramatically improve sexual stamina
- Develop super self-confidence
- Have great sex up to 20 times day and night
- Satisfy your lover like never before

ALPHA MALE PLUS... PURE MANPOWER IN A CAPSULE!

MORE OUTSTANDING PRODUCTS!

LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT

Available at last – the sex pill men have dreamed about for years – **LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT!** Imagine having a woman who actually pesters you for more and more sex! Imagine a woman who never stops thinking about sexual pleasure and all the ways she can get it from you! **LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT** will put her libido on over-drive and you'll have a sex life that most men never experience in their entire lifetime. No more "headaches", no more closed bedroom doors with you on the wrong side. Your touch alone will propel her to a need that must be satisfied. Be certain you can meet and satisfy her urgent desire!

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MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement System is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to add 2", 3", even 5" of pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had, and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the **MAGNA-RX+** Penis Enlargement Formula – GUARANTEED!



THE DOCTOR BEHIND MAGNA-RX+



The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is Dr. George Aguilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of

Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists. Over 7 years of research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as **MAGNA-RX+**: a powerful, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

By using this proven formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their penis size by 2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks. And, best of all, **MAGNA-RX+**'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. There is absolutely no prescription necessary.

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked **Orgasmic Thrust Activation** process. This factor alone would make **MAGNA-RX+** the most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms (as are their very satisfied lovers)!

MAGNA-RX+: THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA & STILL GROWING!

In the past 12 months, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula**. In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of **MAGNA-RX+**'s proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The **MAGNA-RX+** Formula is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you will NEVER have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make **MAGNA-RX+** much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next 2 months, like some companies do. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the **MAGNA-RX+** System, you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again.



WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the **MAGNA-RX+** Penis Enlargement Formula daily for 3-5 weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 5 full inches
- Your penis will be thicker and fuller
- Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar
- You'll satisfy your lover like never before

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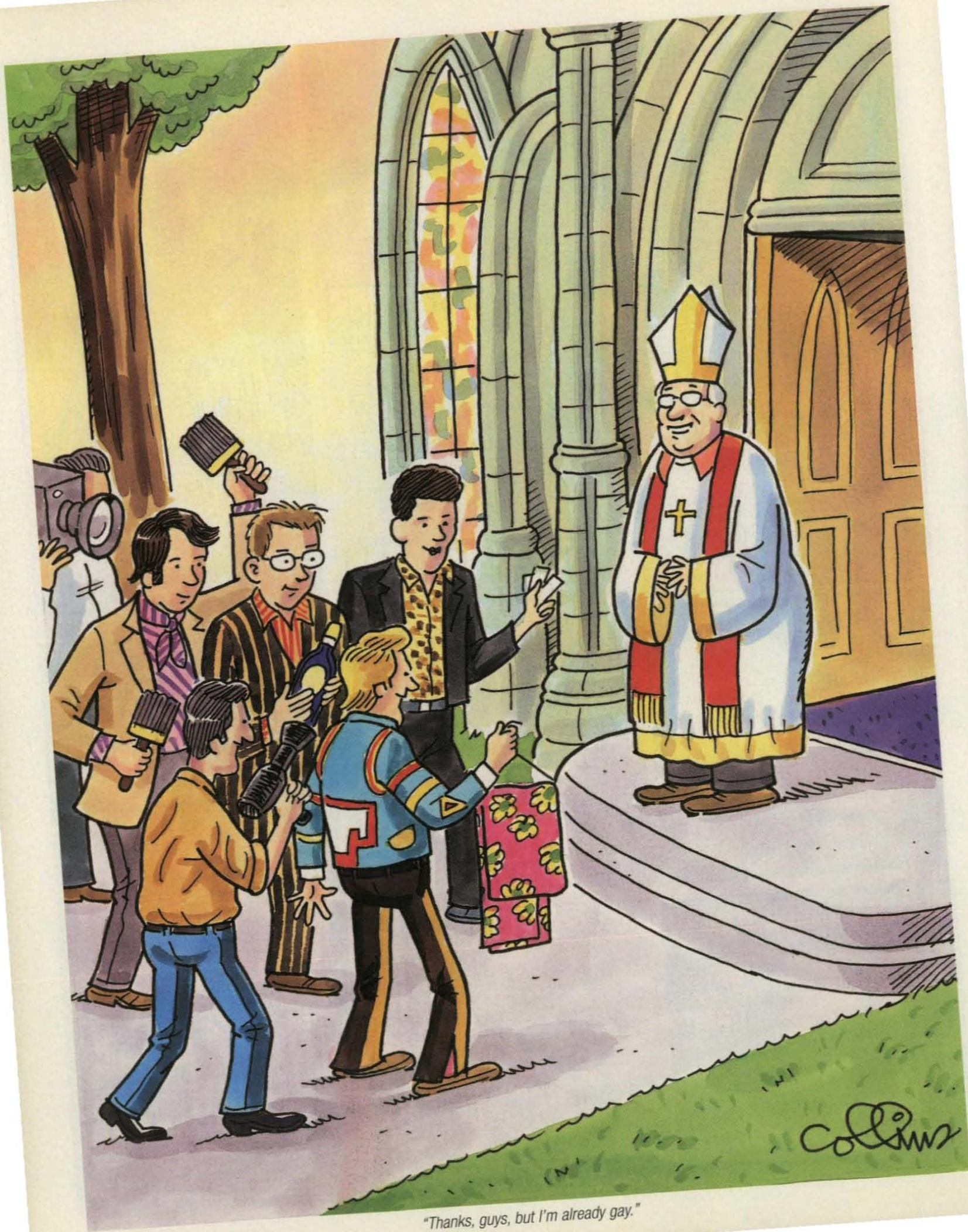
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by Gus Mastrapa

XIII

Ubi Soft
(GameCube/PC/
PlayStation 2/Xbox)

You wake up to discover that your memory is gone, and you've apparently killed the President. Good luck for the Democrats, but a nightmare for you. *XIII* looks and feels like a graphic novel but plays like the slickest of first-person shooting games. When you tag a baddie in the skull with a bullet from your sniper rifle, three comic-book panels pop onto the screen, portraying your victim's death in slow-mo. Killing never looked so cool.



World Championship Pool 2004

Jaleco
(GameCube/PC/
PlayStation 2/
Xbox)

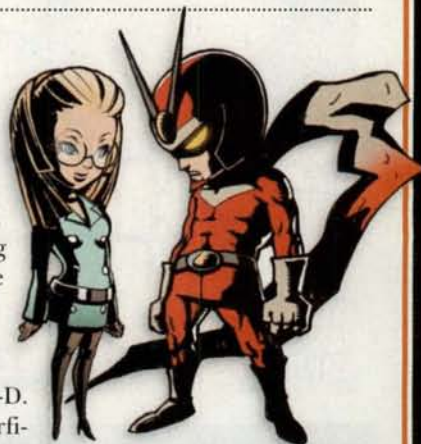
This simulation features 34 of the world's top players (e.g., Earl "the Pearl"

Strickland) and 21 different venues to rack 'em up in. If you suck on the felt, the game features an aiming aid to help steady your wobbly stick. Die-hard strokers and casual bangers alike can brush up on their strategies in this realistic virtual pool hall.

Viewtiful Joe

Capcom
(GameCube)

Viewtiful Joe is either the product of a twisted mind or an example of gaming genius. The cartoony game is packed with bizarre characters (think *Ultraman* in a tutu) and presented in a dizzying mix of 2-D and 3-D. None of the game's superficial flair would mean squat if it wasn't graced with wholly original game play. Joe can dispatch enemies with "Mach Speed" attacks or pick them off in *Matrix*-style slow-motion. Play this one on acid.



Ninja Gaiden

Tecmo
(Xbox)

Video game junkies often cite the many old-school incarnations of *Ninja Gaiden* as their drug of choice. This next-generation remake aims to re-create the martial-arts action of the classic game with eye-popping graphics and lightning-fast game play that only Xbox can deliver. *Ninja Gaiden* oozes with highly realistic gore, but it's the game's ultrahot female characters that cause eyeballs to pop from their sockets.



Fatal Frame 2: Crimson Butterfly

Tecmo
(PlayStation 2)

The game's subtitle evokes the gout of blood one might find on a used Maxi-Pad, and the in-game experience is doubly gut-wrenching. In a haunted Japanese village, the only thing that stands between you and hundreds of angry ghosts is an antique camera. Snap pictures of the specters to stop them from adding you to their numbers. The scares in this game are much like those in the horror film *The Ring*.



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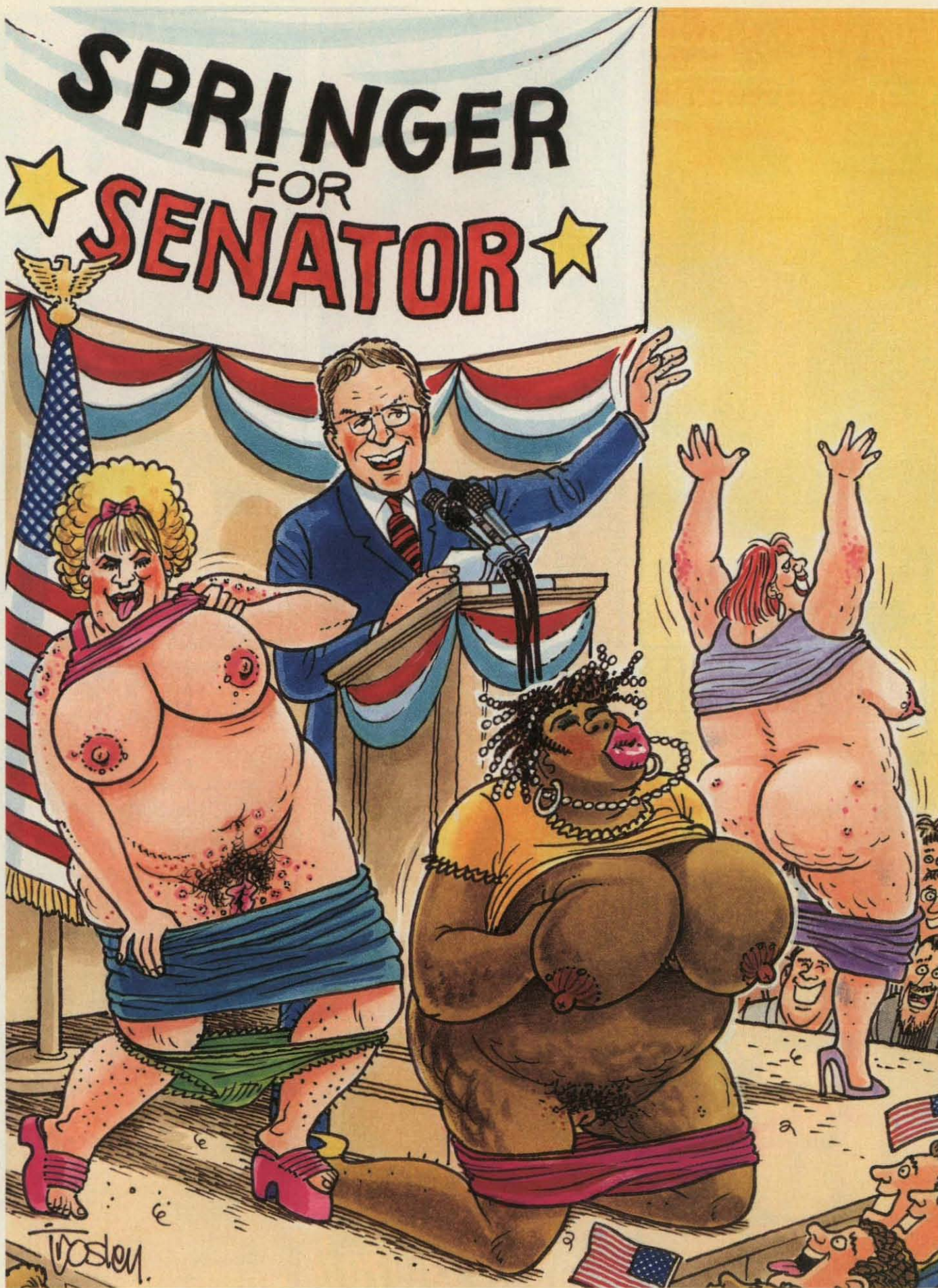
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"Thanks, but, again, I cannot allow myself to enter politics. It's just too sleazy."

THE PATRIOT ACT

and the Loss of Civil Liberties



The Orwellian-named USA PATRIOT Act is about as unpatriotic as a piece of legislation could be—unless, of course, you consider the systematic destruction of our Constitution and all it stands for pro-American. And that's just for starters.

Report by Ryan Singel

Illustration by MEAR ONE

Mike Stollenwerk just wanted to check into the New Yorker Ramada Hotel so he could get some sleep before the next day's privacy conference, Computers, Freedom and Privacy. It was almost midnight; he'd just gotten off the train from D.C., and he was tired.

Despite having made a reservation with his MasterCard, Stollenwerk couldn't get into his room; the clerk wanted to photocopy his photo ID for the hotel's files before she would hand over the key.

Stollenwerk argued with the clerk for almost an hour, pointing out, among other things, that asking for identification violated the hotel's agreement with MasterCard and that letting people copy his ID would put him at risk of identity theft. Finally, after the clerk

accepted and photocopied his pictureless voter ID card, Stollenwerk received his key.

The next day, April 1, 2003, the security manager ominously left a note on his pillow asking to speak to him. The day after that, the hotel's general manager left a message on Stollenwerk's hotel voice mail: "Mr. Stollenwerk, it's a little after nine in the morning. I'd like you to come down and present some picture ID; otherwise, the next knock on the door will be the police terrorism squad. Thank you."

The knock never came, but the threat was clear: Standing up for your rights is un-American.

Hours later, George Radwanski gave a speech in the hotel's grand ballroom, talking about the need to distinguish between programs that make us safer and those

that make us *feel* safer.

"It is easy to fall into the trap of thinking security is all that matters and that privacy has become a luxury, but such excesses can only reward and encourage terrorism," said Radwanski. "We must guard against falling prey to the illusion that wholesale erosion of privacy is a reasonable, necessary or effective way to enhance security. We must guard against the eagerness of state authorities to use September 11 as a Trojan horse for acquiring new invasive powers simply because it suits them to do so."

Radwanski is no knee-jerk privacy advocate. At the time of the conference, he was the privacy commissioner of Canada, an independent officer of parliament whose job is to oversee and defend the privacy rights of

Canadians. Among other actions, he lobbied the Vancouver police department to remove surveillance cameras from public streets.

What did America's privacy czar say at the conference? Nothing.

There is no American privacy commissioner.

As the federal government obtains new powers under "antiterrorism" laws such as the USA PATRIOT Act, the Pentagon researches ways to snoop into private records of all Americans. Meanwhile, corporate data aggregators, such as ChoicePoint, compile dossiers on American citizens to sell to other companies and even law-enforcement agencies. It is clear that creating an official privacy commissioner is only a first step in protecting our rights.

America also needs a privacy bill of rights, like the European Union's comprehensive Data Protective Directive, that expressly limits what kinds of information governments and private businesses can collect about us, and what they can and cannot do with that data.

After the terrorist attacks of 9/11, the Bush Administration led the U.S. in the exact opposite direction, opting for watch lists, snooping, secret detentions and color-coded fear.

The first official hallmark of this march toward totalitarianism was the tragically misnamed USA PATRIOT Act, which was a Justice Department wish list hastily passed in October 2001 by legislators who were bullied into passing a bill they hadn't even read. Thanks to that legislation, an FBI agent can now sneak into your house, copy your hard drive, take sensitive documents

and not have to inform you for months, if ever.

Section 215 of the PATRIOT Act allows the FBI to obtain a secret subpoena to seize library records, magazine-subscription lists, political organizations' membership lists and credit-card purchase records without having to show probable cause to a judge.

No one, except the FBI, knows how many times this provision has been used because the subpoena comes with a gag order, and Attorney General John Ashcroft told inquiring congressmen that information about the provision's use was classified.

Senator Russ Feingold (D-Wisconsin), who cast the only vote in the Senate against the PATRIOT Act, points to Section 215 as one of the bill's most outrageous passages. "Under this provision the government can apparently go on a fishing expedition and collect information on virtually anyone," said Feingold. "This is a truly breathtaking expansion of police power."

Librarians, such as Santa Cruz, California's head librarian Anne Turner, are so concerned that they have posted signs that warn their patrons about the FBI's new powers, and are even going so far as to purge their circulation records and shred Internet sign-up lists.

"The FBI cannot subpoena what we don't have," explains Turner.

Defenders of the PATRIOT Act contend that unless they have ties to terrorist organizations, American citizens have no reason to fear the legislation. That assessment is tragically incorrect.

In December 2001, Ashcroft said his new policies were "carefully drawn to target a narrow class of individuals: terrorists." However, in May 2003, the Justice

Department admitted to Congress that it has used the PATRIOT Act's new powers against common criminals, such as computer hackers, drug dealers and money launderers.

The FBI has been busy on other fronts as well. In 2002, Ashcroft signed more than 170 emergency foreign-intelligence wiretap orders, bypassing the usual method of going to a secret court for authorization. By comparison, only 47 such emergency orders were issued over the past 23 years.

However, the Justice Department didn't totally ignore the secret court. In fact, that court authorized more than 1,000 wiretaps last year alone, far outstripping the number of regular wiretaps used in criminal investigations.

In May 2002, Ashcroft amended the FBI's Investigation Guidelines to allow agents to search private databases for evidence of criminal activity without having any reasonable suspicion beforehand.

In addition, agents can now infiltrate and secretly tape political meetings, rallies and religious gatherings without having any information pointing to the possibility of wrongdoing.

The FBI has also been a key player in creating airport watch lists that snag 70-year-old retired English professors, political activists and city municipal directors, subjecting them to intense searches and detentions. Even letters from their congressmen can't remove these ordinary Americans from the list, though it is often simply a case of having a name similar to a suspected terrorist. One innocent traveler, caught in the system because he had the same name as a suspected terrorist already in custody in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, was reportedly told by an FBI agent that he should just change his name.

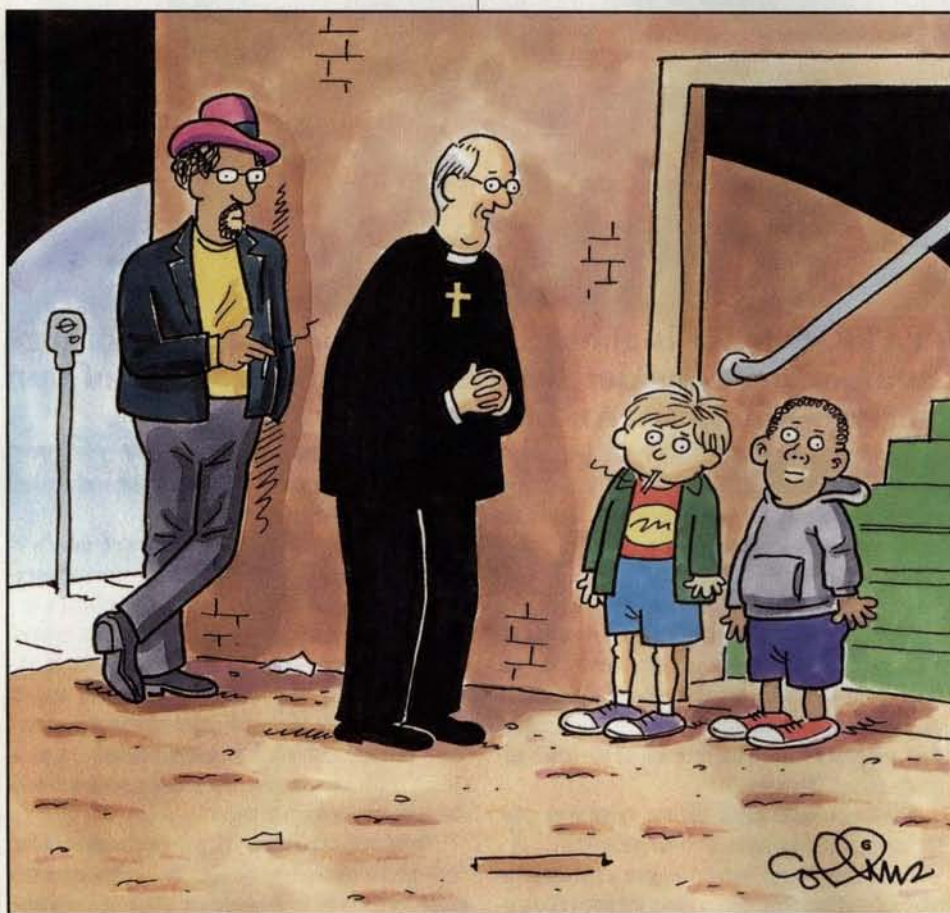
Connie Abodeely, a 60-year-old housewife who lives in New Jersey, found herself on the watch list. An official at the Transportation Security Administration confirmed as much when she contacted the agency after being pulled aside for extra screening five flights in a row. Despite phone calls to the FBI and letters to her congressman, Abodeely can't get confirmation that she is off the list or receive an explanation of why she was placed on it in the first place.

The government acknowledges the list is imprecise and wants to replace it with a system called Computer Assisted Passenger Prescreening System (CAPPSS) II, which will rate the risk of each airline passenger by running a background check on their credit histories and looking for a match in secret government databases.

Edward Hasbrouck, a travel expert and author of the travel guide *The Practical Nomad*, argues that focusing on people, not weapons, is at best a flawed strategy.

Hijacking planes and turning them into missiles could only work once, according to Hasbrouck, since cockpit doors have been reinforced, and pilots and passengers now know not to turn over control of the plane.

Instead, positive passenger/bag matching, where no plane—including connecting flights—will carry the luggage of any passenger not confirmed to be on the plane, would prevent more deaths than the new profiling system, according to Hasbrouck.



"Sorry, I'm trying to decide which one Jesus would do."

A better-known and even more controversial program than CAPPs II is the Pentagon's Terrorism Information Awareness program (TIA), the brainchild of convicted Iran-Contra felon John Poindexter.

The program, originally dubbed Total Information Awareness, aims to find terrorists before they strike by searching for patterns of suspicious activities in hundreds of public and private databases that record American citizens' credit-card purchases, toll-booth payments, airline reservations, doctor visits and e-mails. TIA's goal is to turn all of these records into one "virtual" master database, which the government will constantly sift through to find terrorists.

Critics describe TIA as Orwell's 1984 meets Spielberg's *Minority Report*. Lee Tien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, a nonprofit advocacy group dedicated to protecting online privacy and freedom, sees elements of Kafka in the mix. "TIA is a giant suspicion-generating machine," says Tien. "A computer algorithm can decide you are guilty. How do you contest an algorithm?"

In response to criticism, the Pentagon ignored legitimate concerns and simply changed the program's name to the Terrorism Information Awareness program. The Electronic Privacy Information Center (EPIC), one of the program's harshest critics, ridiculed the PR move on its Web site with the sarcastic headline, "Name Changed. Problem Solved."

The Pentagon pulled a similar move in December 2002, when the media first scrutinized the program. Officials quietly removed pages from TIA's Web site, including management bios and its Big Brother-esque logo, which featured the dollar bill's omniscient one-eyed pyramid gazing out on the globe.

The Pentagon says the public shouldn't fear the program since it is only in its testing stages and the data they are using is fabricated. However, a report to Congress indicated that, at the very least, the system will be able to scour through travel itineraries, phone calls and financial records.

Other research programs underway at the Pentagon and the Department of Homeland Security include a lie-detecting dog, a cell-phone tracking system, a mass-transit surveillance system and a machine that can "detect" a terrorist from a few feet away by recording physiological changes in blood vessels and deciphering brain activity.

Last January, newspapers across the country savaged a leaked copy of an almost-final draft of "PATRIOT Act II," whose astounding provisions would make it easier for the government to make secret arrests, revoke citizenship and use secret evidence in court. The bill also would create a huge, terrorist-DNA database and allow the FBI unfettered power to tap phones and monitor Internet usage following a Congressional declaration of force or national emergency.

After the leak, the Justice Department quickly distanced itself from the legislation, calling the 120-page bill an early draft. But in recent testimony before Congress, Ashcroft said that the Justice Department would soon be asking for more powers beyond those given in the original PATRIOT Act.

Efforts of the federal government aren't the only dangers facing American's cherished rights of privacy.

As the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) pointed out in a January 2003 report, *Bigger Monster, Weaker Chains*, the "danger stems not from just a single government program, but from a number of parallel developments in the worlds of technology, law and politics."

Consider the following recent examples:

—eBay's security chief bragged at a law-enforcement convention that the company will turn over a user's history and password if a police officer asks for it via fax.

—Axiom Corporation aggregates public records data, combines it with data from private companies and then sells it to law enforcement and corporations. The company claims to have 15 billion data elements that cover more than 176 million consumers. Even though Axiom explicitly says it can't guarantee the veracity of its records, companies use the data to screen employees and set insurance rates.

—In Denver and Colorado Springs, Colorado, an anonymous whistle-blower alerted the ACLU that the police had created thousands of dossiers on local activists. It was later revealed that police used children as informants, recorded license plate numbers and "known associates," and categorized Quakers as "criminal subversives."

—The United States military is holding three teenage boys, ranging in age from 13 to 15, as "enemy combatants" at Guantanamo Bay. Like all of the more than 600 prisoners being detained there, the boys have no right to a lawyer, no status under the Geneva Convention, no access to the American court system and can be held, without charge, until they die.

—Tampa, Florida, installed surveillance cameras with face-recognition software to monitor people entering the courthouse and on city streets.

—Washington, D.C., police were so impressed with the recently launched British surveillance system (150,000 cameras in London alone) that they created their own system without even asking the city council. The D.C. cameras are powerful enough to zoom in on what people are reading while sitting on a bench in a public park.

Certainly we should never forget the enormity of the tragedy that was September 11. The government needs to take steps to prevent another attack of that magnitude. Nuclear-power plants and chemical factories need better physical barriers. Chemical- and biological-weapons sensors should be placed in subway systems across the country.

Research projects to develop stronger luggage compartments in airplanes and better X-ray machines for detecting bombs in luggage should be fully funded. Foreign aid needs to be increased and targeted to help bring countries such as Afghanistan and Pakistan into the modern, secular world.

But a national ID-card system, face-recognition cameras scanning parks and city streets, and computers conducting around-the-clock virtual surveillance of our every transaction are better left to the wet dreams of would-be fascists.

Ryan Singel has written for *Wired News*, *In These Times*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, *LIP Magazine* and *Clamor*.



"Gee, you're right—that does make sticking it in my ass hurt less!"

**JENNA**

Jenna, from Hollywood, California, is a 27-year-old graduate student at **Cal State Northridge**. Even though she has a 3.8 GPA and belongs to the Golden Key Honors Society, she's still able to devote time to hobbies such as gardening, dancing, cooking and fencing. This scholarly siren's fantasy is to "have sex with another woman while her boyfriend watches. He could join in eventually, but only after she and I climaxed together."

—Photo by Friend



AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS \$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a \$350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of HUSTLER's *Real College Girls*. Finalists score \$1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn \$5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores \$500, and the Finalists' photographers earn \$250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$350 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Contest not open to residents of Arizona. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's name _____

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name _____

Name to be published _____

Date of birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security number _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Personal e-mail address _____ Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Major _____ College _____ Year _____ GPA _____

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary) _____

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) _____ Date (month/date/year) _____

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$350 for photographs or \$500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



Dre, 19, is a psychology major at **Bakersfield College**, in Bakersfield, California. While her 2.0 GPA could stand to improve, the carnal savant excels in extracurricular activities such as "masturbating and giving blowjobs." Dre lists her best sexual experience at school as "making a XXX movie with my future husband."

—Photo by Fiancé

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO



When most people hear the name Ashton these days they think of the gangly pretty boy who dates Demi Moore. Fortunately, this isn't him. Our Ashton is from Canada, where she works as an exotic dancer. "I like dancing, but I really don't like using the pole to do stuff on. I mean, what if I catch some kind of weird disease? I guess I'm sort of a germophobe. I carry sanitizer around with me everywhere I go."

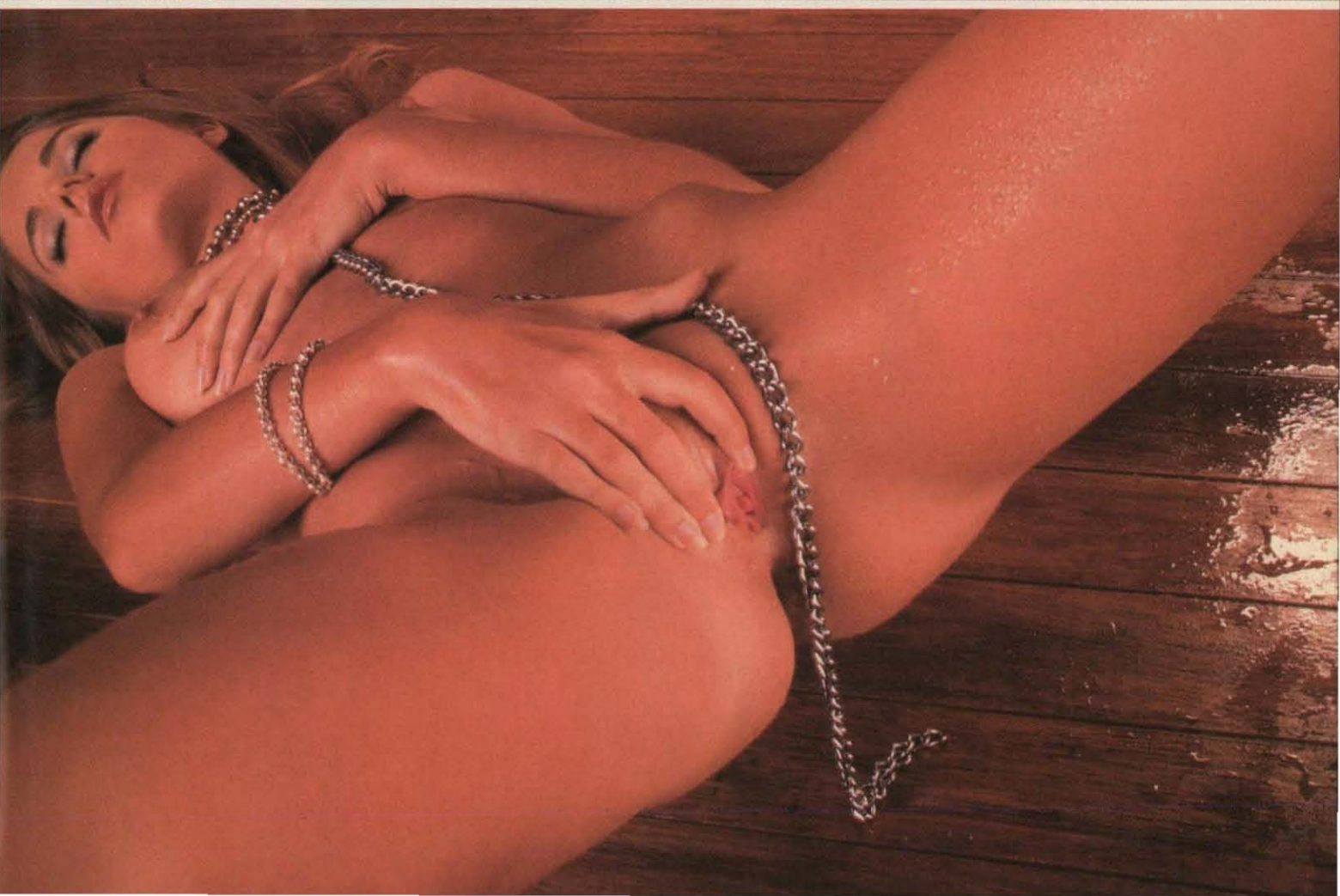


SHIP SHAPE _ ASHTON











Ashton says she likes to unwind by reading comic books. "I really like the *Sandman* series by Neil Gaiman; that's my favorite," she smiles. When asked about the U.S. occupation of Iraq, Ashton rolls her eyes, groaning, "I don't watch TV shows."



COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

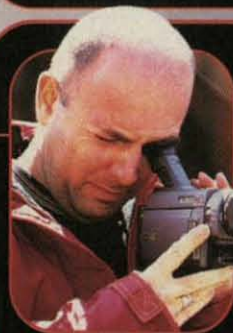


JENNA JAMESON EXCLUSIVE NEW PICTORIAL

Jenna Jameson, one of the hottest performers to ever grace the adult industry, returns to her raunchy roots exclusively for HUSTLER in a brand-new, blistering pictorial. Photographer Laurent Sky captures the superstar in all her lust-filled splendor.

EXPOSÉ WHO'S COUNTING OUR VOTES?

Private right-wing corporations are programming and manning our nation's voting machines, tabulating election results with absolutely no federal supervision. Glaring errors run rampant, and the latest electronic machines don't leave a paper trail, making recounts questionable. Actor Peter Coyote, award-winning investigative journalist Greg Palast and Bev Harris, author of *Black Box Voting: Ballot-Tampering in the 21st Century*, reveal their extensive research into the mysterious ownership, inexplicable "glitches" and tightly guarded "trade secrets" of America's voting machines. Interviews by Editorial Director Bruce David and Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz.



PIERRE WOODMAN THE FELLINI OF FUCK FILMS

Renowned porn auteur Pierre Woodman is the celebrated director of some of the most cock-stiffening hard-core films ever shot. Discover how the lensman behind the *HUSTLER XXX* video series has talked more than 3,000 virgins into having anal sex, and hear how he narrowly escaped decapitation in Bali. HUSTLER presents an in-depth profile of one of the world's most revered pornmakers.

NFL CHEERLEADER SCANDAL DANIELLE GAMBA NUDE

The Oakland Raiders sacked cheerleader and calendar girl Danielle Gamba after she bared her pompoms and displayed her most thrilling split for the camera. HUSTLER presents the infamous pics that offended the NFL team and inspired legions of fans to petition for her return to the fold.



Photo by Mark Daughn



A HUMOROUS LOOK AT IRAQIS

Who among us hasn't fucked the occasional camel? Bridging the cultural gap between America and Iraq, HUSTLER cartoonist extraordinaire George Trosley shows us how life in a war-torn, Third World country with no leader isn't all that different from living in the good ol' U.S. of A.

PLUS!

Bits & Pieces plunders pop culture with celebrity cocksuckers, XXX movie parodies, fucked-up newsbites and the exciting adventures of *Horn Dog Davis*. Jenna Jameson uncovers her exploits in *Jenna Tales*. Female readers flash for cash in *Beaver Hunt*, and student bodies go bare in *Real College Girls*. Jeanna Fine dispenses carnal knowledge in *Dear Slut*, and *Erotic Entertainment* test-drives new smut.



Carrie Starr

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